

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, MARCH, 1843.

Original.

THE RESURRECTION.

BY CYRUS BROOKS.

THE doctrine of a general resurrection of the dead is peculiar to the sacred Scriptures. Ancient as well as modern heathenism had some idea, though very imperfect, of the immortality of the soul, and of future rewards and punishments. But that the body, decomposed and mingled with the elements of nature, should be re-constructed, and again become the habitation of the immortal spirit, was a doctrine unknown beyond the limits of revelation. The darkness of the grave was too dense to be penetrated by the eye of reason. And to ancient paganism this appeared one of the most absurd and inconceivable tenets of Christianity. In some instances the bodies of the martyrs were thrown into the rivers, "in order to mock, and render still more improbable their hopes of a resurrection."

It is also a doctrine, in some sense, peculiar to Christianity. Glimpses of it appear, it is true, in the early periods of Jewish and patriarchal history; and among the later Jews, especially the sect of the Pharisees, it became a prominent article of belief. With them, however, it sometimes appears corrupted with the Pythagorean doctrine of the transmigration of souls. It was also restricted by some to the descendants of Israel, and, in the hopes of the Jew, was always connected with the advent of Christ, when the chosen race were expected to rise from their graves to share in the glories and triumphs of their all-conquering Messiah. But "life and immortality are" more fully "brought to light through the Gospel." In Christianity the glorious truth which had been seen as "through a glass, darkly," was clearly and explicitly revealed. Thenceforth death is but a sleep, which, though long and profound, shall finally be broken by the "voice of the archangel and the trump of God." This was the solace of afflicted and sorrowing disciples—this has been the solace of the pious from that time to the present, who, when called to mourn the loss of godly friends, "sorrow not even as others which have no hope."

That the resurrection of the body as well as the immortality of the soul was taught in the primitive religion of mankind there can be little doubt; yet, while the latter was only obscured in the degenerate systems of belief and worship that afterwards prevailed, the former was soon entirely obliterated. The principal reason of this is probably to be found in the difficulties with which it is encumbered, when its exclusively miraculous character is left out of sight. It is a doctrine unauthorized by any of the phenomena of nature, and contradicted by the almost uniform experi-

ence of mankind. It is true we behold the apparently lifeless chrysalis changed to a beautiful, animated being. The seed which was sown in the earth springs up and produces its plant, and its flower, and its fruit. The branches which winter had stripped of their covering and their ornament, re-animated by the genial influences of spring, are again clothed in verdure. Yet all this is but the development of an already living principle. It is not death springing to life, in fact, whatever it may be in appearance. The leaf, and the plant, and the flower, which have perished, are not resuscitated, but others spring forth in their place.

There is nothing, then, in the analogies of nature to keep alive the belief of a doctrine so mysterious and apparently impossible. And when we consider the appearances presented by death, the corruption, the dissolution of the body, the dispersion of its elements through the earth, the ocean, and the air, the new combinations of those elements in the varied forms of vegetable and animal life, it is not surprising that where a lively sense of the authority of divine revelation is not felt, the doctrine of the resurrection should be given up as incredible. Indeed, it is difficult to conceive how any thing short of such a revelation could suggest it, in the first place, or produce conviction of its truth when suggested. And accordingly we find that wherever revelation is discredited or unknown, or where its authority exerts but a feeble influence, this doctrine is either greatly modified, or utterly rejected.

As, then, it is so exclusively a doctrine of revelation that there is nothing in nature to illustrate, much less to suggest it, it follows that philosophy can afford us little or no assistance in comprehending its mysteries, or establishing its truth. We receive it solely upon the authority of God's word—we know nothing concerning it excepting what is therein revealed. All the philosophical speculations that have been indulged upon this subject, ingenious though they may be, only serve to "darken counsel by words without knowledge." The light which reveals it, shines only from the sacred Volume. And, when viewed in this light, no truth is more plain nor more easily understood. In the whole range of Scripture theology, no point appears to us more firmly established, more explicitly stated, or more clearly illustrated.

In order to avoid the philosophical difficulties already alluded to, several theories have been invented. These theories, however, unintentionally no doubt, in effect give up the doctrine instead of removing its embarrassments; for they all, or nearly all, give up a point of essential importance—the identity of the body that is raised with that which fell a victim to death. If the resurrection body be not composed of the same matter as that which died, then there is not a resuscitation

but a new creation. And if it be formed from some indestructible germ, as the oak from the acorn, then there is merely the development of an already living principle, which had never been extinguished. On this point the Scriptures are very clear; not only employing the most unequivocal language, but presenting examples that cannot be easily misunderstood.

Enoch and Elijah were translated from earth to heaven, without enduring the pain or undergoing the decomposition occasioned by death. This event, in regard to the latter, is circumstantially related by the sacred historian. The same body that had suffered the persecutions of the impious Ahab, which had been fed by the ravens, and had walked and conversed with Elisha, that same body, changed, no doubt, to fit it for its new mode of being, was taken up in the chariot of fire into heaven, and was afterwards seen with the disembodied spirit of Moses on the mount of transfiguration.

A like change will take place with those who remain on the earth at the second coming of Christ. "We shall not all sleep," says the apostle, "but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." Here, also, the body that is living, and moving, and suffering, or enjoying, suddenly undergoes this wonderful transformation. Before and after the sound of the trumpet, the body is the same, though a change has passed upon it, precisely analogous to that which will take place with that body which yields to the dominion of death, and is again released by the resurrection.

But the resurrection of Christ affords a still clearer illustration of this interesting doctrine. It is not only a pledge and a proof of our own resurrection, but, if we may so speak, is a complete specimen, upon which we may look, and from which we may learn what that resurrection shall be. The change which took place when Jesus was raised, is not only analogous to, but is precisely the same as that which shall take place with all his redeemed, that now sleep in death. So it is frequently and uniformly represented in the oracles of truth. And hence, if the body of Jesus that rose was identical with that which had died, then we are safe in concluding that the body which now we inhabit shall be re-occupied by our spirits "at the resurrection of the last day." Prophecy, representing the person of Christ, had long before said, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hades, nor suffer thine holy One to see corruption." And, speaking in reference to this very prophecy, the apostle declares, that "he whom God raised again saw no corruption." Decomposition had not taken place—putrefaction had not commenced its work of destruction, when death, overcome in the conflict, was forced to relinquish his grasp. The body which was born of the virgin—which, in its maturity, traversed the hills and the valleys of Palestine—which was nailed to the cross, and buried in Joseph's new tomb—that same body, re-animated and spiritualized, appeared after-

wards to the sorrowing disciples, and in their presence ascended up into heaven. And he is the representative of our race, "the first fruits of them that slept."

It does not come within the range of our present design to discuss metaphysical questions concerning "personal identity." It need not be supposed that all the solids and fluids that may exist in the body at the time of its death, shall be found in the same proportions and the same relative position at the time of its resurrection. This, indeed, would be inconsistent with that great change which shall take place in passing from mortality to immortality. But of this we may rest assured, that whatever is essential to the perfection of man's physical nature, will be found in the body that is raised from the dead. So it was with the translated bodies of Enoch and Elijah—so it was with the re-animated body of Jesus—so it will be with the changed bodies of those who shall be found alive at the second appearing of Christ; and so also, with the countless multitudes who shall then come forth from their graves; for the Scriptures plainly teach that the body shall rise in a state of perfection, with nothing defective, nothing redundant.

In our present state, we are constantly tending to dissolution. With the first buddings of life the seeds of death also vegetate. Perfect symmetry in every part of the animal structure, and perfect order in the arrangement of its elements, are necessary to the perfection of animal life; yet, in the growth of the human frame, one part is often pushed forward and developed in undue proportion, while another is kept back and left defective. Unavoidable casualties are every day disturbing the animal economy, and thus the vital operations are interrupted or enfeebled. Every defect or deformity which we see, every pain which we feel, results from an interference with the functions of life—is the work of death. Sometimes that work is consummated with a stroke, sometimes by gradual decay. Now the silver cord is rudely and suddenly snapped asunder while in the perfection of its strength, and again it is slowly corroded by the tooth of time, or wasted by lingering disease. But whether the work be completed sooner or later, suddenly or by insensible degrees, still it is death that has done it. It is death that has faded the cheek of beauty, paralyzed the arm of strength and covered the head of age with its hoary locks.

But when "death shall be swallowed up of life," then the work of death also shall be undone. Deformity shall then give place to beauty, disease yield to health, and the decrepitude and infirmities of age be exchanged for the bloom and the vigor of youth. "Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped; then shall the lame leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing." Were it not so—were there any imperfection in the resurrection body, the triumph of life over death would be incomplete, nor would "our vile body be fashioned like unto Christ's glorious body."

But though the body that is raised from the dead

shall come forth a perfect human body, the same that was laid in the grave, yet it shall undergo a most important, and, in the case of the righteous, a most glorious transformation. "It is sown," says the apostle, "a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body; and as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly." This language indicates a change, the precise nature of which we cannot now fully conceive. The properties of matter are well known, because they are subject to the observation of the senses, the ordinary channels by which knowledge is conveyed to the mind. But, in our present imperfect state, with no media of direct intercourse with the world of spirits, it is probably impossible to form any correct idea of the nature of spirit. Nor is it, perhaps, less difficult to ascertain the nature and properties of the spiritual body. Enough, however, is revealed to assure us that it will be released from many, if not all the laws which now govern matter.

The present organization of the body is such, that waste and decay are the necessary effects of those very causes by which its wonderful machinery is propelled. The chemical agents by which the vital fire is kept burning, and by which the food taken into the system is assimilated to the parts which it is intended to nourish, constantly tend to the destruction of the body, and, as soon as the organs of life are worn out by use, destroyed by disease, deranged by accident, become the causes of its dissolution. How life will be sustained in a future state, if sustained at all by natural agents, we know not, or whether chemical affinities will continue to exist in the new creation. But of this we are certain, that the body will not then be subject to any of the causes of decomposition which now render it corruptible. It shall then be as indestructible as the immaterial spirit by which it is inhabited. "It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption."

Gravitation now chains us to the planet on which we dwell, and renders all our movements heavy and toilsome. Material barriers obstruct our free passage from one place to another. Our feeble frames are soon wearied and exhausted by effort. All our exertions are attended with labor and fatigue, so that we hardly know which is more desirable, activity or repose. But when the chain that now binds us to earth shall be broken, our weakness be turned into strength, and the grossness of flesh and blood be exchanged for the subtilty and refinement of spirit, then we shall be free as the spirits of heaven. Then the bars, and the bolts, and the doors of a prison cannot prevent our free passage. We shall move without labor or weariness, and traverse the regions of space from planet to planet, from system to system, as the spirit may choose, or as God may command.

The resurrection of the dead will complete the triumph of Messiah. When man fell, the plan of his redemption was laid, and has since been progressing to its accomplishment. In the workings of that plan there has been, there can be no failure. It advances steadily and certainly to the intended result. The ene-

mies that oppose it have fallen, are falling, and must continue to fall until all shall be overthrown. "But the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." And "when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O, death, where is thy sting? O, grave, where is thy victory?"

—•••••

Original.
SICKNESS.

—
BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

WITH deep submission, gracious God,
I to thy sovereign mandate bow;
Teach me my sinfulness to see,
And praise the hand which lays me low.
Thou dost not chasten but for good
The fallen sons of Adam's race;
In this my sore affliction, then,
Teach me thy chast'ning hand to trace!
I'm all unworthy—all defiled—
Unfit before thy face to stand;
Yet, O, I dare to seek thy grace,
And strength from thy all powerful hand!
I know thou wilt not close thine ear
Unto the vilest sinner's cry;
Restore me, then, O, gracious God,
Or teach, O, teach me how to die!
Though rack'd with pain, if thou art near
Thy presence bids each pain depart—
Makes smooth the troubled sea of thought,
And fills with light my darken'd heart.
Give life or death, I'll humbly bow,
And strive to let thy will be mine,
Assured, whatever change may come,
In life or death I shall be thine.

—•••••

Original.
THE VICTIM.

—
BY JOHN TODD BRAME.

O, SHE was fair, and good as she was fair!
Life, like a golden land, stretched out before her,
And Love and Hope, bright angels, flitted o'er her!
Her young, confiding heart, unworn by care,
Was pure as truth: there innocence did rear
Her virgin throne, and there affection dwelt.
We loved her and we lost her! We have felt
The parting pang and shed the parting tear.
The stealthy spoiler came in lovely guise,
Tinging his victim's cheek with beauty's dyes,
Like sun-set glories when the day is past;
Unearthly radiance sparkled in her eyes—
We could not think that this was death. Alas!
Above her silent pillow moans the waving grass!

Original.
THE CURE.

BY THE EDITOR.

"I'm sick—sick—sick!" exclaimed Emily, as she came home exhausted from the dance, and threw herself down upon the sofa. "Yes, my child," said her affectionate mother, who had waited her return with prayerful vigils, "yes, my dear child, you are sick; your *soul* is sick; and your anxious mother has been employed this lingering night in beseeching the great Physician to heal you."

Mrs. G. was pious—very pious. Her husband was a man of the world, rich, ambitious, and averse as sin can be from religion and all its savors. He barely tolerated his wife's church-going and psalm-singing habits, and took no little pains to raise his daughter in the nurture and admonition of the evil one. The antagonist influences of good and bad example—of the mother's devotions and the father's ungodliness—placed Emily in a singular position. She was a fashionable and pleasure-loving girl; but her mother's walk and prayers so disquieted her conscience that she had no rest day nor night. She had this evening gone to the ball at her father's request; but her mother's supplications had found her out in the midst of its revelry, and before she reached home she was groaning under the tortures of an unquiet conscience. In a state of severe mental agony she entered the parlor with the above exclamation.

"Poor Emily!" added her anxious parent, as the child threw her bonnet upon the sofa and burst into tears. The good woman could not explain. She was just then surveying her child, on whose heart the Holy Spirit seemed to be executing his gracious office, as the victim of her dear husband's impiety. She repeated, "Poor Emily!" and then with prudent silence took her child to her bosom, placed her hand upon her fevered brow, and with mental supplications entreated God to regenerate her heart. Emily felt the power of that prayer, not to regenerate, but to convince her more than ever that her pursuit of happiness was vain. After a pause of several minutes, she whispered, "Ma, I wish I might never see another dance. I am sick of it to lothing. It seemed to me that I should faint the last time I rose to the floor. O, I would be glad never to go again!"

Then "never go again" at your peril. Revolve, in memory, your own and your dear mother's language, and aware of its import and truth, be governed by it in your future conduct. Well did you say, "*I am sick.*" Let not this conviction be like the morning cloud and the early dew. Keep it in mind that "*your soul is sick.*" Be fully and constantly convinced of this, and you will still lothe the dance, so that even a father's solicitation will have no power to draw you thither.

But there is danger of forgetting. The emptiness of worldly pleasure is now a matter of experimental conviction. In such a frame the purpose is easily

formed to forego it. Having roamed from scene to scene of promised delight, and vainly sought in each a portion for the soul, no wonder that as you return, care-worn and famishing, you weep and beg relief. But all by turns are sick of vanity and sin; though nearly all, with slight intermissions, still pursue them. Remember that this world is under the curse of God. The sentence which blasted the fig-tree has gone forth against it—"Let no man eat fruit of thee henceforth and for ever"—and stamped it with everlasting barrenness.

You pronounced yourself *sick*. That is true. A council of physicians could not mend this opinion. A dreadful disease cleaves unto you. Its seat is the heart. It works fatally in the very centre of your being. And while you are less indisposed than usual to notice and lament your condition, we urge you to seek a cure. For this observe the following directions.

1. Watch the symptoms of the disease. Feel, as it were, your moral pulse daily and hourly, and especially when a paroxysm is upon you. If envy or anger betray themselves in your disposition, throwing you into a fever of excitement, be mindful of your condition. If your temper become guileful, consider well the moral indication. In this way you will become convinced of the deeply-seated disorders of your soul.

2. With the Bible for your text-book, carefully study the laws of mind. Ascertain from Divine authority what results follow existing states or progressing changes. Beware, especially, of the symptoms of mortification. This is fatal to the soul as it is to the body. It is generally indicated in both by great insensibility. When the nerves decline their office, the body is near death. So quietness of conscience is a fatal token.

3. Don't look for a spontaneous recovery. It never comes to the soul. The body has what physicians call *vis medicatrix naturæ*—a salutary virtue, or strength of constitution, which often checks disease and restores health. But the soul has no such health-working power. If it ever had, all was lost by the fall. If the soul be healed, it must be by well applied remedies—left to itself, it is sure to die.

4. Seek the proper remedies of moral disease. But here is danger of mistake. We are wont to prefer every thing to the medicines divinely prescribed. Let us consider the cheats which you will be likely to practice on yourself. One is to delay the timely use of remedies. Sickness is easily cured in its commencement. If constitutional it should be noticed in infancy. Then it has a slight hold upon the system. As the patient grows, it spreads and takes a firmer grasp. So it is with sin. We should assail it in the bud. We should not delay a moment to apply all the healing power of the Gospel to root it from our hearts, and supplant it from our very constitutions. Not that our infancy can be purified by mere human training, but that the remedies of grace applied so early, more effectually subdue the vices of the heart, and forestall sinful habits. But you may say you have reached the age of

twenty and remain unhealed. It is an error; but your case is not hopeless. Be sure, however, that you delay no longer; for you are in danger every moment.

5. Avoid every thing that tends to aggravate your disorder. The dance, the theatre, and all fashionable amusements, are of this sort. They divert your mind from its disorders, and place you in circumstances which prevent the use of remedies. The question with you must not be whether these are sinful. As well might a man near a fit of apoplexy ask if it is sinful to jump or wrestle. Doubtless it would kill him whether sinful or not.

6. Seek the proper remedies. For these you must go to the Gospel. Some recommend reason. But we might as well expect sunshine to cure us of consumption. Reason has no power over these disorders. Millions have tried it in vain. It never effected a single cure. Some try good example, placing their children under its influence, and expecting the happiest results. That is like placing a company of well men around the bed-side of a leper, expecting that his gaze at their ruddy countenances will make him sound. Some urge us to *govern ourselves*—to resolve on health, and battle down the diseases of the soul by persevering effort. This is like *resolving* to be well of cholera, or like determining not to die.

There is but one way to be restored to moral health: "*Look unto me and be ye saved;*" "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life." If you would be healed look to Jesus. Keep your mental eye always on him. Let nothing divert you from the gaze. Whether you feel better or worse, persevere in steadfastly looking unto Jesus. It may seem a simple remedy. So was the brazen serpent to the Israelites; but it was their only hope. He who would then sit in his tent, and argue that there was *no reason* in the thing—that there was no philosophical connection between gazing at the brazen serpent and being healed of his fatal wound, was sure to die; while he who left off reasoning, and submitted to the authority of God and his prophet, lived. If you would live eternally, look always to the Lamb of God. From this hour fix on him your undiverted gaze, and you shall be healed.

And to induce you to do so, consider how precious above all temporal gifts is health. On it, more than on any earthly blessing, depends our comfort. Let a man be rich and honorable, and what can it avail him without health? In the midst of feverish tossings, mention to him his largesses of wealth—slowly reckon up in his hearing the gains of his immoderate enterprise and thrift. Will it soothe his anguish? Will his vast domains make music for him? Can his ample treasures cool his brow? Will gold, as an anodyne, alleviate his distress? Alas! he would give all for health! The dying wretch would yield up his millions for a slight reprieve from the pressure of his agonies.

You have experienced like inconveniences in the diseased state of your soul. In your career of worldli-

ness and fashion, what efforts you have put forth to secure ease and comfort! Pursuing these, you forgot every thing else. You stretched the wings of desire day and night. When others slept you waked. But the more you pursued, the farther beyond your reach happiness retreated. You turned everywhere to find the springs of delight, but everywhere you met barren wastes, till pausing, you found yourself in the midst of a desert, without joy and without hope. Why could you not succeed? Why did not the regions around you clothe themselves in refreshing beauty, and pour out to you the pleasures which you sought? Nature was not in fault. The world did give all it could bestow—it withheld nothing which is in its power; but your soul was affected by disease—its moral sensitiveness was the seat of dreadful agony; and whatever was attractive without, had no power to soothe the pain within. Sometimes you contrived to rouse an excitement which you denominated pleasure. But it was only like an artificial stimulus ministered to a patient in the delirium of fever. It quickened a pulse already quite too rapid. But its motions were morbid. It was soon depressed again. Then it sunk in proportion to the violence of the febrile paroxysm. Thus it was with you when you came from the ball-room and threw yourself in despair upon the sofa.

Consider that moral health is now within your reach. Sick and dying as you are, there is a Physician who can cure you. Your disorders cannot baffle his medicines and skill. He came from heaven to heal you. He suffered as none other ever did to procure an efficacious remedy. He heals the conscience by his blood. He restores the affections by the Holy Spirit. Thus he delivers the one from guilt and remorse, and the other from impurity and pain. Receive this Jesus, and he will enter your diseased and desolate heart by his Spirit, and breathe health and rapture through all the wastes of your soul.

Again; in health there is comeliness. Sickness robs the countenance of its glow and beauty. It renders the attractive repulsive. The sickness of the soul does the same. It generates unlovely dispositions, which show themselves in our moral countenances, or betray themselves in cutaneous forms—in actions which, like putrefying sores with their odors, make the very presence of the patient offensive.

Lastly; in health there is promise of life. And think what a life is contained in spiritual health. It is eminently excellent in kind, and is eternal in its date. As to its kind, it is divine life—the life of God. It is a newly awakened being, such as you lost in Adam, and to which you have till now ever been a stranger. It is a life so above the natural which you have hitherto lived, that the latter in comparison with it is not life but death. It is called death in Scripture. "You hath he quickened who were *dead* in trespasses and sins." "She that liveth in pleasure is *dead* while she liveth." Such is the account which an apostle gives us of it. And experience justifies him. The regenerated no sooner experience life divine than they spontaneously

exclaim, "*I have been dead all my days!*" Think how superior must be the Christian life when the natural, though a sensitive conscious state, and full of activity, is in comparison called a state of death. This superior life—this life divine—this life of God in the soul, is connected with spiritual health. To attain it you must be cured of sin. If you would have it you must have Jesus and his medicines. He who called Lazarus from his grave, can by omnipotent revocation rouse your dead soul to life. Will you take Jesus and this glorious, eternal life? Say yes; and fall prostrate before him. Call after him with a broken heart. If your heart is not broken, call till he breaks it as he did Peter's. Like Mary, may you weep at his feet, and like her may you receive his gracious and saving benediction!

How many Emilys are there in the world? Is not her state a faithful reflector of the reader's? Are you young, and unconverted, and "a lover of pleasure more than a lover of God?" Like her do you now and then return sick from scenes of amusement, which like wine in a fever exasperate all your soul's diseases, and hurry you on to hell? Reader, pause! You may be sure that your case is evil, and that you need to pause. O, what graves, deep and dismal, lie between you and happiness! We know, for we have traveled that road. It begins in Hope, leads through the territories of Disappointment, disappears under the veil of Death, and transfers the traveler to Despair. What a pilgrimage and end are here!

Stop, reader! You have worn away, wearily and painfully, an ample mileage of this dreary journey from hope, and life, and heaven. We entreat you to go no farther. You have left space enough between you and God. Christ is far off already. What the fall has stolen and you have cast away, are as much as you can recover, though you turn to the task at once. You have food sufficient for the deepest grief and penitence, and need contrive no more occasions for bitter lamentations. You have gone near enough to hell. In this course you need not practice any more adventures. Should you at once turn to God, you will find, when in the light of a new being you look back to where you now are, that your hazards were great enough to satisfy the boldest. Satan himself will never have the impudence to charge you with cowardice in the use of your probation. He will not deny that your sportings on the stream of time, amidst the horrors of the terrific maelstrom, whose rush and sweep bore you on toward a fathomless perdition, were enough to turn devils pale. And angels will not blush at the eternal recollection of those loud songs and shouts, in which they rejoiced at the sight of your repentance, and celebrated your escape from the devouring fire.

CHRIST is the way to God, but the Holy Spirit is the way to Christ. The Spirit begins his work by conviction, carries it on by repentance, consummates it by faith, and bears to us the fruition of it by love; and by love we dwell in God and God in us.

Original.

THE DEPARTED.

BY JOHN T. BRAME.

"A hundred beings, now in earth,
Flit round them, whispering of the days gone by!"

I.

THEY come around me, at holy eve,
When the mind its home of dust doth leave,
Set free by the soul-subduing power,
The softening stillness of that hour.
Those blessed ones! o'er whose humble graves
The night winds sigh, and the cypress waves;
They burst for awhile corruption's band,
And float to earth from the spirit-land!
I see them again—the good, the fair,
Lingering around in the evening air;
And I long to press each shadowy form,
While the tear-drop falls, sincere and warm;
And I long to hear each well known voice,
That in other days bade my heart rejoice;
And I wail for some gentle tone to roll,
Like heaven's own music, over my soul!

II.

They mingle in many a pleasant dream,
When the sun hath slaked his burning beam,
And midnight's gloom settles dark and deep,
And my weary frame is wrapped in sleep.
Together in converse sweet we rove,
O'er hallowed scenes of joy and love;
We visit again the cherished throng,
And we raise on high the mirthful song,
Of innocent days, when life was new,
And hearts were warm, and friends were true.
Again we kneel in the place of prayer,
And feel that the presence of God is there!
In visions they call my spirit from earth
To that better land—its place of birth—
Where it makes each pleasure of heav'n its own,
And folds its pinions before the throne!

III.

Ever, bright spirits, surround my path!
In the hour of the howling tempest's wrath,
When sorrow doth spread her raven wing,
And hope no promise fair doth bring,
To gild the gloom, then hover near,
And soothe the wound, and wipe the tear!
When the world allures me from the road
That leadeth to glory and to God—
When the enemy cometh in tempting shape,
Point out a way for my swift escape!
When the torrents fall, and the billows roll,
Minister, then, to my sinking soul!
Blest angel-kindred! when I die,
Descend from your pure abodes on high;
And, O, if such prayer to mortals be given,
Attend me at last to my mansion in heaven!

Original.

MY FRIEND'S FAMILY.

"EDWARD," said I to my much loved friend, who had been my class-mate, and only room-mate for many months, one day as we were about closing our scene of studious toil, "Edward, give me a sketch of some of the most important incidents of your past life; and, if desired, I will return the favor. We are now about to separate for distant sections of the country, and should the strong bond of friendship and Christian affection, which has so long and firmly cemented us together, continue unbroken, it will be pleasant, in after time, for each, to refer to any interesting events connected with the other." For a few seconds, during which time Edward's mind probably scanned the whole history of his past life, he sat silent and motionless, with his eyes fast fixed upon our faithful, though rusty stove, which we had already commenced removing from our apartment. Then raising his head, said he, "My own history appears quite unimportant. The incidents of but one period of my life are worth relating, and you have so frequently heard me refer to them, that I am sure the subject must have become to you an old tale. I refer," continued he, "to the period of my conversion, and the remarkable conversion of my father, mother, and only sister—incidents, the result of which, I trust, will be the union of our domestic circle, unbroken, in the paradise of God."

"Such events," I replied, "may well assume a vast importance. They extend beyond the narrow bounds of visual objects; and, indeed, can only be measured by the countless revolving cycles of eternity. True, I have heard you refer to the conversion of yourself and parents, but have never heard you give the particulars; a relation of which would fully meet the object of my suggestion."

Edward, in compliance with my request, proceeded nearly as follows, (for I design to give his own language as near as memory will enable me.) "My father, you know, was a man of wealth, and high standing in his profession. My sister and myself were the only children; and on us, from infancy, was lavished every thing to gratify us, that immense wealth and boundless parental affection could supply. We were, indeed, the idols of our parents. Great expense was incurred to qualify us early in life to act well our parts in the highest circles of society. Our education, however, was entirely of a light character; calculated only for show. My father was a bitter opponent to all experimental religion, and we were consequently taught, that to be the best dancer, painter, pianist, &c., should be the high bounds of our ambition. Through my sister, who was two years older than myself, I was introduced much earlier than I otherwise should have been to the gay and fashionable scenes of youthful vice. When a little more than sixteen years old, I was sent to school at H., some ten miles from home, my father having provided me with board in the family of Mr. M., an acquaint-

tance of his, to whose charge he committed me, with the particular injunction, that I must be kept from all religious meetings or influences. During my stay in this family, which was near four months, I was frequently got into difficulty by being charged, by the children of Mr. M., with their own mischievous acts, and was as often severely reprimanded by him. On stating my situation, and wish for a new boarding place, to a student by the name of Frederick A., with whom I had formed a pleasant acquaintance, he informed me that his parents, who resided in the village, had a spare room and would take one or two boarders. I at once engaged the whole room to myself, together with board; of which I soon informed my parents, as also the reasons for leaving Mr. M.'s. Here commenced an entire new era in my life. In the family of Mr. A. all was entirely new and strange. The table was approached with invocation, and left with thanksgiving. Each day began and ended with prayer and praise. The entire family were living Christians, whose altar fires, like that of holy Israel, never waned. I was informed that the ringing of a small bell would give notice of the hours of family worship, and that I could attend or not as best pleased me. From respect to the order of the house, the summons of the little bell was always strictly attended to. Observation soon convinced me, that this family had some source of bliss, to which I was a stranger. What was it? Was it their religion? Perhaps it was. Observing Paley's Evidences of Christianity, in the breakfast room, one morning, I carried it to my room, supposing I should ascertain, from its perusal, what religion was. In this, however, I was disappointed, though its argument satisfied me of its truth. An increasing anxiety to know what religion was, induced me to get a Bible to gratify my curiosity. To this hour, I believe, I was as ignorant of what Christianity was, as the darkest heathen. Paley had convinced me of its truth as a system, but upon what it was based, or what its object and of what its importance, I was entirely ignorant. I had probably never read a verse in the Old or New Testament in my life. I commenced reading, and the commandment emphatically came home. I saw what religion was; that it was based upon the relations which man sustains to his Maker, and his entire universe; that all its commands and requirements being based upon these relations, were just and right; and in the consequences of obedience and disobedience, I saw, in some measure, its great importance. I believe, too, I had tolerably just conceptions of man's lost condition as a transgressor, and his remedy in the death and mediation of the Savior. I do not mean to convey the idea that this amount of light burst upon my moral vision all at once. On the contrary, it was the result of investigating the subject for several weeks. Here, however, I made a complete stand. I saw that in order for me to be saved by the atonement, and become an heir of eternal bliss, an entire new course of life was requisite—that I must wholly abandon all that I had

been accustomed to prize. This I could not consent to. I concluded, therefore, to think no more of the subject; and, indeed, made every exertion for three weeks to banish it from the mind. But my efforts were worse than useless. The more I labored to keep my thoughts from it, the more complete seemed its influence over them. Every passing day awakened and convinced me more fully of the importance and value of religion. At this time, a vacation of two weeks spent at home diminished greatly my religious anxiety. On being interrogated on the subject by my father, I told him that the folks where I boarded, *I believed*, were religious; but that I had a room to myself, and they said nothing to me about it, (which by the way was false;) for as I was highly pleased with my boarding place, I wished to give such an account of it as would induce him to allow me to continue there—to which he assented. On my return to school, the subject of my own salvation forced itself upon my mind more powerfully than before I left. So strong was its influence, that in three weeks I was entirely incapacitated for my studies, and made up my mind to return home and get my father to help me out of the trouble. Having packed my books and clothes, with the view of returning home the following day, as I was sitting in my lonely room, the two following questions forced themselves powerfully upon my mind. What is religion? and what is its price? To the first of which I almost inadvertently replied, religion is that, upon the rejection or attainment of which, is suspended man's eternal interests—interests high as heaven, deep as hell, and vast as eternity. It is an institution of a God of infinite goodness and wisdom; and must, therefore, be conducive to man's highest interests in time, as well as eternity. But what is its price? It is the renunciation of sin. It requires the giving up of myself, and all my earthly interests. But as religion makes provisions for our highest interests, even in time, it, of course, cannot require the renunciation or giving up of any thing but what really conflicts with those interests. The price is certainly reasonable, and I will have religion. A little reflection, however, convinced me that I must sacrifice much more than I had for the moment realized. I felt that I should have to incur the sneers of my sister, and the scoffs of my associates; but this was trifling in comparison to the displeasure and violent opposition of my father, who would doubtless entirely disinherit, and turn me from his door penniless, if he could not induce me to renounce my religion. On the other hand, I saw that to reject religion now was in all probability an eternal rejection—one that would involve, beyond hope, the ruin of the soul. I saw, too, that the wealth of my parents, two-thirds of which I had expected to inherit, might soon be scattered by adverse winds; or should I be permitted to possess it, very possibly it would be to me a curse rather than a blessing. Added to this, who could assure me that I should live to mature years to receive, even should my father be pleased

to bestow. Instead of living to see my parents, to receive from them the opposition I had supposed, the morrow's rising sun might behold me dead, and damned, or (as hope for the moment lighted up the dark scene) some strange influence, like that which had operated on me, might awaken my parents and sister, and all of them instead of opposing, might possibly accompany me home to heaven. Again, I felt that I would pay the price; I would have religion. For the first time in my life I fell on my knees, and asked God to help me make the sacrifice—to dispel my darkness, and enable me that night so to repent of my sins, and believe on his Son, as to be saved. On rising, I felt strengthened to go forward. I immediately called Mr. A. to my room, and told him my feelings. After giving me suitable instruction, and telling me that it was my duty and privilege to experience saving grace and the evidence of it that hour, he proposed to have the whole family come to my room, and have a family prayer meeting for me, to which I readily assented. The exercises commenced by singing a few verses, which was followed with successive prayer by all present. While in prayer, I believe I gave up myself, and all my interests, in solemn covenant to God. I asked the forgiveness of my sins, and acceptance through the atonement and mediation of Jesus Christ, which I doubt not was granted. The winds were hushed, and the tempest calmed. I felt a peace, that had in it all the sweetness of heaven itself. I then, too, saw the depth of the pit from which I had been taken—from the total ignorance of having lived more than sixteen years without so much as reading one verse in the blessed Bible—from the strongest irreligious influences which could possibly be thrown around me—from my own temple of worldly ambition—from all this I had been rescued by the mercy of God, by means, it seemed to me, of special interpositions of Providence; and was now placed as a lamb in the very bosom of my Savior. My flowing tears, for hours, could only give expression to the gratitude of my soul. I still saw before me the same opposition that I had before contemplated: but, O, to meet it all, or a hundred-fold more for my blessed Jesus, who had done so much for me, I thought would afford me the highest pleasure. The following morning I wrote to my parents, informing them of my conversion as simply and frankly as possible; also detailing, minutely, all the circumstances which had led to such a result. I expressed my fears, that the step which I had taken would not meet their approbation, and solicited a candid investigation of the whole subject before passing upon me a final sentence of condemnation. When my father received the letter, he was deeply indignant. The following day, he came with his carriage and took me and all my baggage home with him. He expressed much surprise and sorrow, that I had been so foolish, and told me that I must give it up at once; if I did not, it would ruin all my prospects for life—that he could not think of assisting me in a

course so directly opposed to his wishes. Soon after our return home, a ball was proposed, (for the purpose of overcoming my religious feelings,) and the following Tuesday evening appointed for it. I expressed my unwillingness to be present on such an occasion, and asked permission to spend the evening at class meeting. In return I received, from both parents and sister, nothing but scoffs, sneers, and reproaches. When the evening, however, arrived, I utterly declined being present, and did, in fact, go to class meeting. This exasperated my father to the highest pitch, and he positively declared that if I attended another religious meeting of any kind, he would disinherit me—that his roof should no longer be my shelter. Though my grief was inexpressible, I still felt determined to serve God whatever might be the sacrifice. The class meetings of the village were held on Tuesday evenings; accordingly on the afternoon of the next Tuesday, my father came to me with a large whalebone horse-whip. 'There,' said he, 'Ned, I think that will cure your religion, and keep you from class meeting. Should you conclude to go to-night, as you did a week since, against my wishes, you may rely upon having it worn up, on your naked back in the morning.' I had here a most severe trial, not in reference to the whipping, but as to what extent I ought to obey my parents in matters of religion. Should I obey them, I must disobey God. But could I not give up all my meetings and religious privileges, in obedience to my parents, and still enjoy religion? After much prayer, I concluded my only way was to claim the enjoyment of all the helps which God had provided me. Should I stay from class that night, it would be considered a victory of the whip, and I should be required at once to recommence my old course at the same peril. I came to the conclusion that it was not my duty to obey my parents, when their requirements conflicted with those of God; and so with a heavy heart I again went to class. On my way I determined that I would not receive the threatened whipping, without saying something more in justification of my course, than I had yet done. I determined, too, to say something to my father of his responsibilities as a parent. But what should I say, a boy seventeen years old, to one accustomed to sit in judgment, and listen to arguments from the finest talents? Of myself I could say nothing; but the promise of wisdom from on high led me to a grove just without the village, where the whole night was spent in prayer for a preparation for the event. Thank God, as day dawned, light and peace, like a flood, broke into my soul. I was strong as a giant. I knew not a word that I should say, though I felt a blessed assurance that God would give me words and wisdom; and I would as soon have made my defense before an assembled universe as any way. On my arrival at the house, I found my father up and walking his room. He had, in fact, fastened the doors and remained awake all night, so as to meet me at the door. 'Well,' said he, 'this is the fruit of your religion, is it? Where have you been all night, you

disobedient rascal?' 'I have been up in the grove praying since class meeting,' said I, very frankly. 'Praying ha! a pretty story that! I'll see if it can be cured after breakfast.' So saying he left me, and I did not see him again till at the breakfast table. Breakfast over, taking the whip, he bade me follow him, and led the way to the stable, where I was ordered to take off my coat and vest, preparatory to the whipping. 'Father,' said I, 'is it customary for you to condemn without giving a chance for defense? Of what have I been guilty that I deserve the severe punishment you propose to inflict?' 'Defense!' said he, 'what defense can you make for willful disobedience? You deserve to be punished for trampling on my authority, and I will show you that authority shall be maintained.' 'I expected opposition,' continued I, 'when I embraced religion; but I embraced it in view of both worlds. I am prepared for any suffering that may be inflicted in this, but must save my soul in the other. Nothing can induce me to forsake it. Is it not possible that in the exercise of a father's authority, you have transcended the proper bounds of parental control? And have you, dear father, fulfilled all the duties growing out of your relation to me as a son? Our duties grow out of our relations to our Maker and each other. It is my duty, as your offspring, to honor and love you, to study your highest interests, and obey you in all things when your commands do not conflict with the requirements of a higher authority—with those of my Maker. On the other hand, it is your duty, as a parent, to study *my* highest interests. You have been the instrument of bringing me into being—of giving me an existence co-extensive with that of the Deity—eternal. That eternity of existence, after the passage of the few short years of this life, must be in woe or bliss; and is it not your duty, dear father, the author of that eternity of being, to aid me all in your power to escape the one, and gain the other? O, let me ask you, (said I, clasping his hands to my bosom,) has this been the course you have pursued with me; rather has not your whole life, and the administration of your government, tended to lead both myself and dear sister directly to ruin—with wealth to sink us down to hell? O, father! father!' Here my feelings overcame me, and I burst into tears. I recovered myself as soon as possible, and raised my eyes to proceed, but observed that the whip had fallen from my father's hand, who stood before me motionless and white as a marble block. I picked up the whip, and placed it in his hand. 'No,' said he, 'I shall defer using the whip, but you must leave my house.' I told him that I preferred the performance of every duty as a faithful son, but must abide his decision; at the same time reminding him that nothing could relieve him of his high responsibilities as a parent. He dropped the whip, and left the stable evidently in great agitation. I knelt down by the side of it, and thanked God for his goodness, and prayed that what I had said might result in the greatest good both to myself and father. In the course

of the day but little was said by myself, mother, or sister. They supposed that I had received the whipping which had been threatened; and as I was silent, they did not feel like broaching that or any other subject. During the whole forenoon, and also from the dinner table, my father was absent. Our residence was in the outskirts of the village, not more than fifty rods from the grove which I have already referred to, to which I again resorted after dinner for another season of prayer. Soon after entering it, to my surprise, I discovered my father some distance from me, walking back and forward, apparently in deep study. Seeing that I was not observed I withdrew, and repaired to my chamber, where the afternoon was spent in prayer, that God would be with my father in the grove; for I was certain that he was under the awakening influences of the Holy Spirit. At the usual supper hour he had not returned, and after waiting for him till dark, my mother, fearing some accident had befallen him, (as such an absence had never before occurred,) requested me to go and see if I could find him. I proceeded directly to the spot where I had seen him a few hours previous. When I first came in sight of him, he was sitting with his head leaning against a tree; but on observing me, he rose up and met me. I extended my hand to him, saying, 'I am glad to see you, father. Mother feared some evil had happened to you, and sent me to see if I could find you.' He made me no reply, but taking my hand in his, walked slowly towards the house. His heaving sighs bespoke the deep emotions of his soul. Perceiving that he had not yet settled the great question of life or death, I offered up my silent prayers that God would not leave him in this important hour, upon the decisions of which were suspended heaven and hell. We had not reached the outer edge of the grove, when my father stopping short, clasped me to his bosom, and exclaimed in tears, 'O, Edward! Edward! forgive me, O forgive me, my dear son, O forgive me.' He never seemed so precious to me before. I clasped my arms around his neck, and pressed my lips to his cheek, as my only method of giving expression to my feelings, or a pledge of the forgiveness he sought. On arriving at the house, we met my mother in the dining-room. My father, bathed in tears, clasped her to his breast. 'Will you go with me,' said he? 'I have determined to have religion, and accompany our dear Edward; and will you go with us, daughter?' (addressing himself to my sister, who was just entering the room.) 'Yes, I am sure you will both join me; and here is dear Edward who has forgiven me, he will pray for us.' So saying, he drew myself and sister, as near into his arms as he could, with our mother; and as though he had obtained the assent of all, immediately fell upon his knees. 'O, Edward,' said he, the big tears still flowing down his cheeks—'O, Edward, do pray for a wicked father; pray for us all; God has heard your prayers, and he will still hear them.' We all bowed with him, but the deep emotions of my soul forbade

me utterance, and nearly overcame my physical strength. In fact I did not know when I commenced vocal prayer. I only know I found myself (how long after I cannot tell) in the arms of my father, our voices both mingling in mighty prayer for his salvation. Our prayers, through the mediation of our great High Priest, were heard on high, and salvation's tide soon rolled o'er his soul. He sprang upon his feet with shouts of praise for God's redeeming grace. My thoughts then became wholly absorbed in the case of my mother, the dear mother that bore me, on whose bosom I had been cherished, and who had constantly watched over me with all the affection of a mother's heart. My whole soul was drawn out in prayer for her immediate conversion. The chariot wheels, for a time, seemed stayed, but our supplications were incessant. My father, who had again knelt by her side, tried to encourage by conversing with her, or rather he prayed and talked together; praying a part of a sentence, and talking the balance. My mother and sister were both weeping in bitter accents; part of the time praying for themselves, having taken courage from the speedy deliverance of my father. Their prayers and groans, and the prayers, exhortations, and shouts, with which my father seemed overburdened, together with my own prayers, all commingling together, produced what would generally be termed wild confusion. How long I continued in prayer for my mother I do not know, but catching the eye of my weeping sister, it occurred to me that I had entirely forgotten her—that I had not even prayed for her at all. Bitterly reproaching myself, and still upon my knees, I clasped her to my bosom, and bathed her with tears of sorrow that I had been so thoughtless. I besought God with all my soul for that dear, that only sister, that he would enable her to renounce the world and all its allurements, and cast her naked soul on Jesus for salvation. My parents also prayed with me; and while we wrestled the symbol of the divine presence was manifest. 'Ellen,' said I, 'God has blessed you.' 'Yes,' said she, (as we bathed each others' cheeks in tears,) 'I know I love the Savior.' On rising from our knees, we found, to our surprise, that the morning had dawned. The following Sabbath, we all received the solemn seal of our consecration; and for months our bliss seemed complete. But the destroyer came, and they have been carried, one after another, to the silent and lonely habitation of the dead. Over those countenances, once so fresh and lovely, have gathered the cold damps of death, and the unfeeling worm now feeds upon those I so fondly loved. But two short years had passed e'er they had all left me; but they left in joyous hope—they rest in peace. Consumption first poised its fatal dart at my lovely sister, and like the early rose, nipped by the untimely blast, she soon fell its withered victim. While the rose faded from her cheek, and her sparkling eye grew dim in death, joy and hope cheered her soul, and lighted up her passage through the dark and dreary waves of death's cold flood. A few moments

before she left us, printing upon my cheek the last pledge of a sister's love, 'Dear brother,' said she, 'a few months since, your influence snatched me from the giddy paths that lead to death, and is now about to introduce me to the home of the blessed. A few minutes, and I shall strike my golden harp, and swell my voice to the anthems of the blood-washed, with my Savior in glory. A few years, and I trust I shall be permitted to greet you and our parents all home in triumph.' With her head pillowed in my bosom, her happy spirit took its flight to fairer climes, and brighter scenes. In less than twelve months, my dear parents both followed her. I need not detail the incidents of their happy exit. They bore a similar testimony; and, like her, crossed the raging flood in rapturous triumph. Thus, I have been left like the lonely oak that bends to the sweeping tempest of the mountain's top. The unbidden tear of lonely grief sometimes escapes my eye, but the cheering prospect of meeting all my 'kindred dear,'

'When a few more griefs I've tasted,
When a few more springs are o'er,'

dispels my gloom, and makes my sorrows light."

My friend, Edward, is now on Zion's walls, a faithful and successful minister of the Gospel. Not only his own kindred, but hundreds more of his spiritual children will doubtless greet him home to rest.



TELLING LIES TO CHILDREN.

WE believe that one reason why the world is so given to lying is, that parents, in the management of their offspring, pay so little regard to the strict truth. The extract, which follows, may be read with profit by not a few:

"Many persons who have a great abhorrence of lying, and whip their children if they detect them in it, yet make no scruple of telling and acting to them the most atrocious falsehoods. There are few parents who do not do this in a greater or less degree, though doubtless without dreaming they are guilty of criminal deception. With many, the whole business of managing their children is a piece of mere artifice and trick. They are cheated in their amusements, cheated in their food, cheated in their dress. Lies are told them to get them to do any thing which is disagreeable. If a child is to take physic, the mother tells him she has something good for him to drink; if he refuses, she says she will send for the doctor to cut off his ears or pull his teeth, or that she will go away and leave him, and a thousand things of the same kind, each of which may deceive once, and answer the present purpose, but will invariably fail afterwards. Parents are too apt to endeavor to pacify their children by making promises they never intend to perform. Such promises should be scrupulously redeemed, though at a great inconvenience, and even when inadvertently made. The child's moral habit is of infinitely more consequence than any such inconvenience can be to the parent."

Original.

THE METAPHYSICIAN.

BY THE EDITOR.

The following narrative is not invented. The writer has good reason to know that its leading incidents, and the metaphysical obliquities and subtilties of L., are all within the memory of living witnesses. More than one reader of the Repository will understand the allusions to names and persons. Some may eschew metaphysics in a ladies' periodical; but it were proper and desirable that females should know what devices, in the form of argument, Satan may use to destroy the foolish victims of pride of intellect. And the reader may have a son or a brother ensnared in the meshes of metaphysical delusion. The narrative will be conducted through several numbers to the conversion of L., who is now a joyful believer, in his right mind, and who owes his salvation, in its incipient stages, to Mrs. Moffit and her friends.

"WHAT CAN be done," said Mrs. Moffit, "for a gentleman who listens to all you say, admits his obligations, confesses his sins, yet goes on, careless, to eternity, plunging his soul into perdition?"

"Indeed, Mrs. Moffit, you mistake. He is far enough from these pliant admissions. True, he will not dispute with ladies, either because he is too polite, or too considerate of their mental deficiencies. But he is a subtil Calvinist, as I learn from his dialogues with my husband."

"Dont you think, Mrs. Edwards, that he talks this way merely for argument?"

"O, no; there's no mistake. He's a Calvinist, and one of the rankest sort. He told my husband yesterday, that if he were to stab a neighbor at midnight, God would inspire him with the malice, and create the volition (I think he called it) of the deed."

"That is Calvinism with a vengeance."

"Yes; but my husband says it is true, honest Calvinism, just as Calvin himself taught it, and as the standards of Calvinistic Churches maintain it, though its features are veiled or softened in the pulpit, so as not grossly to offend the public taste."

"I suspect, Mrs. Edwards, that there is little hope of Mr. L.'s conversion; but he is here a stranger, and from his cast of mind will do much good or evil in the world. Let us make an effort to save him."

"I think he is a man of dreadful principles, and were his heart as bad as his head, I should be afraid he would turn out a murderer. This Calvinism is a dreadful thing."

"I think badly enough of Calvinism, Mrs. Edwards, that you may be sure. But let it pass at present. I wish you would take this book to Mr. L., and tell him that a lady requests him to read it. And while he reads, will you join with me in secret supplication that God will bless its perusal to his conviction?"

"'Fletcher's Appeal!' Mrs. Moffit, he wont read it."

"Try him, and if he declines, I have no hope. If he reads it, he will not escape without some serious reflection. Its philosophical cast will suit his taste, and must arrest his attention. You know, too, that like Moses' ark, it was woven with many prayers. Carry it to him, and, if possible, get him to read it."

Mrs. Edwards received the book, and bidding her neighbor good morning, walked towards home; praying as she went, that Mrs. Moffit's well meant effort might do some good to her stranger guest, though her prayer had less of faith and hope, than it had of charity and desire. In a few minutes she was seated in her own bed-room. It was winter. The door, as usual, was open into the parlor, where her husband and Mr. L. were seated by a large fire, holding the following conversation, to which she listened with deep and mournful interest.

E. "Mr. L., let us leave that point, and turn to another. You said last evening that man is a free agent; I wish to know what you mean by free agency."

L. "That depends on the being to whom you refer it. God's free agency is one thing, man's is another. Do you ask of human free agency?"

E. "Of course; man and his powers is the theme of our discussion."

L. "By human free agency I mean a power in man to execute his own volitions. This is a freedom which comports with the doctrine of universal divine efficiency. It leaves man's agency *free*, but not *independent*. It is free, because it is in harmony with choice; it is not independent, because it waits on God for its volitions."

E. "Now, Mr. L., I have one question. In what consists the sinfulness of human action?"

L. "That is a difficult question to answer. If we say it lies in the *deed*, we contradict reason and Scripture. If we place it in the volitions or in will we seem to make God the sinner, and acquit man of blame. Yet there is a philosophical necessity to predicate sin of the will; which I do, and resort to certain explanations to avoid the conclusion that Deity sins."

E. "Pray what are those explanations?"

L. "There is a difference between the *author* and the *agent* of sin. Its author *provides* for its commission, but does not actually commit it. The guilt lies in *commission*, not in *provision*. God, for instance, bestows on man the powers of his nature, the relations of his being; and generates in his bosom, thoughts, affections, and volitions, either good or bad. These, in the wicked, are a divine *provision* for sinning. But man is the agent for their use, and of course man, not God, is the sinner."

E. "Is not their use inevitable?"

L. "Certainly—inevitable, yet free."

E. "How is that possible?"

L. "Just as water flows freely, yet inevitably down hill; or as vapors ascend spontaneously, yet necessarily to lofty altitudes."

E. "But are the flowing waters or the ascending vapors blame-worthy for obeying the laws of nature?"

L. "No; for they neither descend nor ascend, intelligently, or from choice. Man's actions are intelligent, and by his own suffrage. They proceed from and gratify taste. This involves praise or blame;

and, of course, warrants and demands either rewards or punishments."

E. "What! when God inspires his tastes—gives him by direct donation, for example, a disposition to steal, rob, or murder, is he to be blamed or punished?"

L. "Yes; for as I just said, it is not the provision, but its *use* which involves sin, and invokes punishment."

E. "On this ground, how was Satan to blame for tempting Eve, or Eve for soliciting Adam?"

L. "Satan was acting beyond his sphere. He had no right to enter paradise, or to assail its happy inmates with temptation. You cannot by any of his deeds, illustrate the agency of Godhead. Deity, as the Creator and Preserver of all, is a sovereign. He may do, righteously, what it would be most flagitious for a creature to do. We must keep this in mind. It is a principle carefully inculcated in his word. 'He works all things after the counsel of his own will;' and then says, without apology or explanation, 'Shall I not do what I will with my own?'"

Here the conversation ended for the night. But just as Mr. L. took the lamp to retire, Mrs. E. stepped in, and handing him the book, repeated Mrs. Moffit's request that he would "do her the favor to give it a reading." He received it with a courteous bow and thanks, saying that he would certainly enjoy the pleasure of bestowing on it a careful perusal. He took the little volume to his room, laid it on the stand, prayerlessly laid himself down to sleep, revolving with self-complacency and a quieted conscience, the subtil, and as he supposed, conclusive reasonings, by which sin was shown to be inevitable; and of course—though in speculation he did not affirm it—God, and God alone, was to be blamed for its malice and its miseries.

A few days afterwards, Mrs. Moffit called at Mrs. E.'s. She felt a solicitude to hear about the book, and could not but hope, from the fervor she had enjoyed in her devotions, that God was working by it some lasting good.

"I received a little volume from you, Mrs. Moffit, for which I return you my sincere thanks."

"Excuse the liberty I took, Mr. L.; I thought the philosophy of the treatise would entertain you; and permit me to add that I hoped a *higher* good would grow out of its perusal."

"Mr. Fletcher is a *lively* writer, madam. There is French in his style—not quite so profound as the Calvinistic school. Edwards is my favorite. His work on the Will is the glory of the human mind. Do not by this understand that I underrate Mr. Fletcher. He is a fine flowing writer, and I thank you, madam, for sending me the book."

"Did you read the 'Address,' sir, which follows the argumentative part of the volume?"

"No, madam. I supposed the argument was what you designed for me."

"I would be pleased, sir, if you could read the 'Address.'"

"I saw that it was designed for 'seekers of religion,' and as I am not a seeker I did not think it applicable to my moral state."

"Perhaps, Mr. L., it would induce you to be a seeker. That is my hope, and in it I solicit you to finish the volume."

"Do you think, Mrs. Moffit, that we can become 'seekers' when we will?"

"Yes, sir, I am of that opinion."

"I thought, madam, this serious state of mind was induced, always, by a supernatural influence—by the Holy Spirit."

"Yes, sir; of that I do not doubt; but the Holy Spirit is waiting, unless I greatly err, to impart his gracious influences to every willing heart. He already moves you to seek a Savior; and if you yield to his gentler drawings, he will greatly increase the influence until it becomes a soul-converting energy."

"There are so many differing opinions, Mrs. Moffit, that one not skilled and experienced, is at a loss what to conjecture. Some, you know, hold that the divine efficiency operates all moral changes, and that conversion is an unsought blessing which none can gain by pursuing or evade by resisting."

"But surely, Mr. L., as you do not act on this principle in the affairs of life, you would not make a practical application of it in the weightier matters of religion. I cannot undertake to argue the disputed points of Christian theology. As to the nature of God's supervision of all things, and its harmony with our freedom, you can discourse much better than I; but do not think it presuming when I say that I sought the different states of mind, through which a stupid sinner journeys into the fellowship of God, and I sought not in vain. This makes me solicitous to see others seek, and causes me to believe that they will meet with like success."

"Perhaps, Mrs. Moffit, your seeking and receiving were connected in point only of time, and not in the order of cause and effect."

"That might be the case, if I were the only successful seeker. But many of my acquaintances have sought with similar results."

"But have you not known some converted who did not seek?"

"Never one."

"You will recollect better than I; but I was considering the case of Saul of Tarsus."

"True, sir, he was *convicted* before he sought, and that may sometimes happen. But after his conviction he waited three days before the scales fell from his eyes. In the meantime, he was put upon seeking, and going into the city he prayed, and God showed him what he would have him to do."

"But, Mrs. Moffit, this overwhelming conviction has never fallen on me."

"Nor is it probable that it will. Saul's was an extraordinary case. You know that some become rich without trade, and some honorable without effort; but this is not the common course of things. Wealth generally comes from business and economy, and fame

from enterprise and prudence. So a few are convicted of sin without a studied diversion of mind from the world, or a diligent application to the means of grace. But, generally, efforts at devotion go before serious and deep conviction. Let me ask you one question. Did you ever know a man become religious without effort?"

"Indeed, madam, perhaps—I scarcely know—I think—I believe I am not competent to judge. If you please, madam, I will excuse myself, and attend to a little writing in my room."

Mr. L. retired. Mrs. Moffit felt some suspicion that his conscience was disturbed; and was encouraged to hope that prayer in his behalf was not wholly in vain.

This is the opening passage of the later history of a man who, bred in a pious family of the Calvinistic school, and subject in early life to the rigid training of the land of the pilgrims, had gone beyond his preceptors in speculative daring, but had rather fallen short of them in practical sobriety. At the early age of three his parents had devoted him to the service of the sanctuary. The scarlet fever had at that period nearly cut short his mortal career. His parents thought his recovery almost miraculous, as at one time he was so far gone that they doubted if he were not dead. To suit the circumstance of his unexpected "coming to," his name was changed; and his baptism, hitherto neglected, but now hastened by the quickenings of parental conscience, sealed upon him a Christian cognomen which no parent should bestow on her offspring; for we hold that every mother should donate to her child an agreeable name, such as he will not be ashamed of in after life, and whose allusions will not be likely to provoke a play of wit and sarcasm on its mortified bearer.

Baptized and trained with clerical pointings and shapings of all sorts, no wonder that, while ductile in temper to the leadings of parental influence, he fell in with the family plan, and proposed to fulfill the benevolent intention which set him apart for the "conversion of the world." But, alas! the sequel clearly showed that something more than parental benedictions is necessary to make men ministers of the Gospel.

Mr. L. had spent some years in academical study with a purpose to assume the clerical functions. And he might have proceeded to consummate the design, but that nature was too strong for the feeble restraints of his ungracious state; and suffering the tides of sin to bear him away, he finally resolved, from a sense of propriety, and even of decency, to pursue another course. At the time when this narrative opens he was far enough from the least desire to become a preacher of righteousness. There was a liberality about him which hushed all sacred aspirings. He loved nothing in religion but philosophical mysteries, and these only because they formed grounds of objection to the plainer portions of the Bible, and because they afforded him themes of debate, and an occasion of displaying his fancied skill in metaphysical discussion.

(To be continued.)

Original.

MANNERS AND MORALS.

"THE times," it is continually asserted, "are worse than they ever were before!" It may be so; but what is the test? If the reference is to pecuniary results, the present pressure must be acknowledged by all. But "the times" influence not fortune alone, but also character. And let us observe that, concomitant with the depression of moneyed concerns is the temperance reform; and, still more important, the present is also the era of revivals and of the rapid increase of spiritual life. Within a few years a very great change has taken place in the public moralities of our country. The public is of course composed of units, and in its details engrosses the private history of individuals. I would introduce to my female readers the story of one of their own sex, who lived and died long ago; and the facts may be relied upon as coming from the family of the lady herself, and as communicated to the writer, and will serve, in one instance at least, to illustrate the influence of "the times" upon private life and character.

It was some thirty years, perhaps, after the American Revolution that my story takes its date. At that time it will be known that temperance had never been made a question of public concern; and religion in our country had not either the spiritual or the prescriptive influence which it at present possesses. But the outward circumstances of public life were then all in a current and easy flow of prosperity, and well calculated to betray their recipients into momentary satisfactions of taste and delight, unfriendly to the stronger realities of character.

Louisa was a native of one of our larger New England cities, then a town. And this town, in the by-gone day of our Revolutionary struggle, had been the station of great numbers of French, and of British officers; and though long since returned to their respective countries, they had left many of the manners and usages of those old European cities behind them. There was then, as now, much wealth in the town of B—; and these gay officers, billeted about in the families of the citizens, had introduced many modes and many luxuries to which a new country ought not to pretend. They had abetted the pride of the old settlers, and introduced artificial distinctions, which no country, and least of all a new one, ought to affect. Yet all this took place, gaining on step by step, in the *lull of spiritual* life, at a town not sixty miles distant from Plymouth, the haven and asylum of the pilgrim fathers!

The aristocracy of New England was not germinated on the soil, but had been transplanted in its living scions from the mother country; and though an exotic, took firm hold and flourished upon our sterile and rocky shores. The gentleman of the old country was also the gentleman here; and, however unwisely, he conformed himself not half as well in his new home, in this matter of sentiment, as he did in many instances of outward endurance and hardship; for even

wealth, potent as it is, cannot in an instant smooth the rugged road of the pioneer. And many an emigrant, who had the manliness to cope, good-humoredly, with the one, submitted with but ill grace to any necessary infringement of the other. In his log cabin, his first edifice, he carefully set up his dagon of pride, and worshipping it himself, he also demanded for it the homage of others. And yet, reader, "these," it is said, "were the prosperous days of our country!" There are flaunting follies enough now, but not half that sin of *will*, intended to divide man from man, as then.

But Louisa was of these, and was imbued with a full share of their prejudices and predilections. And there was nothing about her condition that she half as much valued as a couple of old tomb-stones placed over the graves of her grand-sires, two or three generations removed. They were wrought in England, and bore each an escutcheon; and the inscription certified that the *ashes* beneath was once a direct descendant of Sir Henry G—. This the young girl would sometimes refer to in the presence of a stranger, satisfied that this important fact was already well known to the inhabitants of the town. And although she was possessed of an instant perception of the ridiculous in others, yet in the weakness of pride she often committed herself in a way to excite the derision, at least of such as were not themselves quite so highly descended. She was, though of a high tone of character, good humored, and did not mean by this to offend others, but only to exalt herself. For this idea she thought there was extenuation in the depressed circumstances of her home; for she was far too aspiring to be content with comfort, and ease, and plenty. Her father, who was rather a scholar than a man of business, had, in attempting to better his fortune, been so awkward and remiss in the management of affairs, that total and irretrievable bankruptcy was the consequence; and his numerous family were now entirely dependent upon the grand-mother upon the maternal side. The mother, though the only heir of a large fortune, was not yet legally possessed of any thing. And her widowed mother, though the soul of liberality, was not disposed to sell landed property for current expenses; that is, for matters of show, and beyond what she herself deemed adequate to the real purposes of an abundant maintenance. The production of several good farms—half of which in New England is rendered annually by the tenant to the landlord—afforded her ample supplies for this purpose. The surplus over household consumption was sold. This together with some rents in the city made up the contingent expenses. In a family of eleven children the tuition bills make not a small item of current expenses. And clothing for these, besides the adults of the family, and a number of servants, left no very large supply for articles of expense and fashion. In this particular Louisa was somewhat restricted—more so than most of her associates. And also she wished that the large, substantial, old-fashioned mansion were a little modernized, and re-furnished. Yet the richly carved mahog-

any furniture suited in reality better to her own idea of distinction, than would the more flimsy modern styles. But who ever saw a young girl (excepting a religious one) who could resist *fashion*!

The grand-mother—noble woman that she was!—had called her daughter with her numerous family, and established her here, to preside and to enjoy all that her means afforded. Louisa was the eldest daughter of the family, with one brother older than herself. She was indulged in many respects; yet she deemed herself not so happy in her home as if there had been fewer interlopers upon her parlor privileges. Yet this was a very faulty idea; and had Louisa been at all as religious as she ought, she would have considered the *number* of these little ones, being a Providential dispensation, as a subject never to be meddled with by the speculations of discontent. Had the idea been presented to her in this form she would have been startled. But she had never been admonished upon subjects of this kind; and whilst she had a world of regard for her young brothers and sisters, she was yet often betrayed into impatience at their necessary interferences and encroachments. She used to laugh with her female friends, and say that “she must really get married soon, for that her home grew worse and worse.”

Louisa was quite a beauty, and she knew it; yet being possessed of a strong and lively mind she was diverted from the idea, and never made herself ridiculous by personal vanity. On the score of her wit she was not quite so innocent. By wit we mean that sharp shooting of rejoinder and repartee which is always ready and always striving for the mastery. This quality is not feminine or amiable. And those who affect to admire it in a young lady do so more in compliance with the taste which tolerates wit in other characters and in other situations than in that of a young lady surrounded by the domestic or the social circle. Neither would a girl of less beauty than Louisa have been forgiven for possessing so much of it. Let not my young reader forget that it is the *satirist* who says,

“If to her lot some human errors fall,
Look on her face and you’ll forget them all.”

This tendency in Louisa inclined her with all her good sense to prefer showy and brilliant qualities before the substantial merits of character, and worked out, as we shall see in the sequel, its own peculiar results. It was at first adopted only in a spirit of levity, but was of real disadvantage to her in the event.

I have said that Louisa possessed a “strong mind and good sense.” My reader replies that she has as yet given no indications but of selfishness and folly. I stand rebuked in the expression, and confess that I ought rather to have said that she was capable of these qualities than that she acted by them, or evinced them. Such force of character, however, she was unconscious of possessing; and should she for once have been charged with weakness or folly, she would first have wondered, then resented, and then, perhaps, have admitted that it might be so. Had these admonitions

been frequent and occasional, they might have reformed her. Had they been *timely*, the evil perhaps had never existed! Her father thought with many a father that the guidance of the daughters belonged exclusively to the department of the mother; not reflecting how very closely that mother’s time was employed in the more immediate care of the younger children. This, too, was a peculiar case; for Louisa’s mother had still another excuse, and this, without disparagement, was that she really did not know what was needed. She had herself married before she was fifteen years of age, and her growing family had left her no time for speculations beyond the routine of domestic duties. Yet there was one way by which these difficulties could have been reconciled, and that the simplest way in the world. Had the family been *religiously trained* from the beginning, no reader will doubt but all would have been well—there had been less wit and more wisdom, less pride and more happiness!

But, as I have said, in those days the world was gone mad with prosperity. This family did like most other families. The religious were few, and looked upon as a “peculiar people.” At that date no wide-spreading distress affected the senses, or awakened the heart—no cloud impended in the distance—the *Revolution* had been achieved, independence established, and the facilities of the new trade were pouring wealth into every mart—the denizens of the “States” were in one untiring flow of prosperity—the great public were all *rich*! What wanted they? Not *religion*! Those were “prosperous times”—every thing took care of itself.

I have said that the family I mention had not less principle than the generality. Religion was so little “in vogue” that if a family owned a pew, paid the parson, and carried their children to church on the Sabbath, it was thought “respectable enough.” And if the parents belonged to the communion of the Church, the young people were excused—it was “not expected of them yet awhile.” They were taught, as children, their little forms of prayer, and told from time to time that “if they were not good, God would not love them.” And these slight observances, though much better than nothing for the children, were possibly worse than nothing from the parents—deceiving into a notion of duty performed. There was no family altar instituted—no specific duties inculcated—no plucking out of right eye sins—no pruning of the redundancies of character—no straightening of the tree to its upward tendency. The reformation of faults was mostly referred to the test of public opinion, and *that* was referred to the decencies and amenities of life. How they got on as well as they did is the wonder! Yet most of them worked it out with “anguish and tribulation of spirit” at last.

Louisa, when told that “her petulance would hinder her of a good choice of a companion,” would reply, “I know I am too quick; and the man who takes me will get no angel, though the gentlemen often tell me I am one.” This latter expression, irreverent as it is,

might then be found in every complimentary stanza addressed to "the fair." It would not now be tolerated for its impiety. She would add with a laugh, "I do not look for perfection myself, neither will I ever deceive any man into believing me perfect."

In her estimate of her own character Louisa passed over her beauty and her generosity of sentiment, but was wont to value herself upon her *sincerity*. This, as she was constituted, was precisely the most dangerous idea she could entertain. Her character, it is seen, was a bold one; and this merit of sincerity should establish her in her boldness—boldness of sentiment and action generally. In the proprieties of her sex she was almost a prude. Haughty and aspiring, she thought few persons her equals; yet she knew her own faults; but she referred them to a wrong test—though to that test she felt superior. She had cultivated her mind to the utmost of her opportunities. In those days there was no current literature in our country. It was not as now, that we are able to glean knowledge and ideas from the best minds of the age every day in the year. There were not then more than two magazines in the United States. So that beyond the family library her only resource was the Circulating Library of the town; and here she mostly changed her books once a day. We know the reading must be light to admit of that. Now does my reader think she has got the clue to her impracticable strangeness of character? No doubt this reading, in some measure, had its influence. Yet over the "Della Cruscan" poetry, and the romances of the same strain, would she laugh by the hour, detecting their fallacies, and deriding their absurdity. Yet the genuine chivalry, not of the Crusade war, but of personal heroism and generosity, divided as they are in their legends from vital religion, and falling in with her self-love, and with the heroism of her own character, had, no doubt, a great share in making her what she was. Her grandmother used to admonish her in these words: "Always reading foolish books—read the book of life, *that's* the book to read." Yet the kind grand-mother, though not adverse to religion, meant by this not "the Book," but only the page of active life.

Louisa was certainly an extraordinary girl. But, says my reader, you have not yet told us any good that she ever did. Indeed, I fear, when I would chronicle her virtues, I must render only negatives. And yet my story may have its moral. Alas! the heathen virtues were those for which she was *then* so much admired. Falsehood, of word or action, she never practiced, and she never tolerated; and even less than this did she tolerate calumny. Her charity, whilst it would cover the sins of all others, would also claim too large indulgence for her own. She was a firm friend, and could even exert the magnanimity of putting self aside in favor of one she loved. She never slighted an acquaintance of inferior station, nor cringed to one of high place; and this was no more that she would not than that she could not. But we do not assert that her right mindedness had no mixture of hauteur with it.

Yet she was of a very compassionate nature, and regarded not the sufferings of her own kind only, but would turn aside from a worm, or even a reptile, believing with Cowper that

"God, when he decreed them life,
Intended them a place wherein to live."

The liberality of giving, too, was hers. She would say, how absurd it was for persons asking help to receive all sorts of suggestions, when money was the one thing wanted, and the expedient at hand. After she became mistress of funds, she dispensed freely and ungrudgingly. One rare quality, virtue I will call it, she possessed—and this should be held up as example to every young reader—it was her *entire freedom from coquetry*; and this upon principle. She told a friend that it behooved her to be vigilant upon this point; "for," said she, "although many of the gentlemen who affect to admire me do so because others do, yet some, I do believe, may love me; and however derisive my wit is against pretenders, I will never tamper with a genuine sentiment. If I do not mean to marry a man, I will save him the humiliation of a refusal, if he be not too dull to understand me. Upon another idea," said she, "I must be considerate; for I am aware that in my warmth of admiration of certain qualities I may go so far as to mislead. I must guard my expressions in instances where the whole character does not satisfy me, and where I would not marry." And this system she carried out. No gentleman ever blamed her. Even her most devoted lover, a rejected one, after her marriage and removal to the south, called upon her mother and presented a very beautiful song in the style of Shenstone, bewailing his own loss, but deferring to him "who bore his love away," and confessing how noble had been her treatment of him. This gentleman, though then obscure, was a man of great character, and subsequently died a distinguished member of the Senate of the United States. It was here that Louisa, following the bent of her own foible, made her mistake. She confessed not only great admiration, but also perfect esteem for his character; yet, because he was poor, and she herself poor, she would not marry him. She laughed and said that she knew full well the wisdom of the saying, that "when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window." She laughed again, and said that for her part she could love an amiable man that was rich as well as if he were poor; and she added more seriously, "although I will not marry a man without money, yet I promise not to marry for money alone." But her bias being strong in this way, perhaps she was in some measure self-deceived.

But my young reader thinks Louisa the most mercenary girl in the world. Is she really more mercenary, or only more frank than some others? However the case may be, frankness can neither excuse nor extenuate any vice of character, and is only one more evidence how mistaken was our heroine in valuing herself upon her *sincerity*!

(To be concluded.)

Original.

ELECTRICITY.

In the second volume of the Repository, we noticed some of the mechanical effects of electricity—we shall now proceed to others of a somewhat different, though not less interesting nature; and, first, we may notice its influence upon, and general connection with, the animal functions. It was not until the science had been long cultivated, and had advanced in some of its departments to a good degree of perfection, that these effects began to be noticed; owing in a great measure to the difficulty of accumulating electricity of sufficient intensity previous to the invention of the Leyden jar.

This, as most are aware, consists of a glass jar, coated within and without to near the top with tin foil, or other conducting substance. The opposite coatings of this jar react upon each other in such a manner, as greatly to increase their capacity for the electric fluid. By this means, we are enabled to accumulate vast quantities of it upon a small surface. This discovery, which was accidentally made about the middle of the last century, opened a new field of investigation to the curious in science, and excited a degree of interest perhaps never before produced by any scientific discovery. The publication of it may be literally said to have electrified all Europe. For such was the eagerness of all to witness and to feel those effects, of which such strange and contradictory accounts had been given, that not only were machines immediately constructed in almost every city and village; but, for the earlier gratification of excited public curiosity, hundreds of individuals were seen traversing the country, with their electrical apparatus, drawing immense crowds wherever they moved, and giving the shock, in some instances, to thousands at once. They were even invited to the palaces of kings, and treated with almost princely honors. As a specimen of the effects produced upon some of the earlier experimenters, one grave philosopher declared, that he felt himself struck in his arms, shoulders and breast, so that he lost his breath, and that it was two days before he recovered from the effects of the blow and fright; adding that he would not take a second shock for the kingdom of France. (As to the effects of the fright there is no reason to doubt.) In another, it is said to have produced bleeding at the nose; and as a preventive of still farther injury, he was obliged to resort to an active course of medicines. These imaginary terrors were, however, soon dissipated by farther experience; and, from being an object of dread, as destructive of life, it came to be the grand catholicon, the cure of all diseases. This power was exerted either directly, or by transfusing into the system the remedial virtues of those drugs, through which it was passed to the patient. But placing some of the more extravagant notions to the credit of the novelty of the subject, and the crude philosophy of the times, there is still much that is really interesting in the effects produced. It seems to act as a sudden and powerful stimulant,

Vol. III.—11

particularly on the nervous and muscular systems. If a small shock be passed through the hands only, a slight twitching sensation will be felt, extending to the wrists or elbows. If, however, a succession of shocks be passed through the breast, involuntary sighing and tears may be produced, or violent laughter or shouting, as the circumstances are varied. A shock of sufficient power passed through any part, paralyzes that part, the rest of the system remaining unaffected. If it be a vital organ, death of course ensues, just as in the case of a stroke of lightning. Comparing these paralyzing effects with the power possessed by certain animals of benumbing or shocking whatever approaches them, it was soon conjectured that electricity was the mysterious agent in these wonderful effects. These conjectures, farther investigations have fully established. Large portions of the bodies of these animals are found to consist of an elaborate, powerful electrical apparatus, resembling, to some extent, a galvanic battery. The powers of some of these animals had been long known; and while they baffled the skill of philosophers in their explanation, were objects of superstitious dread to common minds, and usually attributed to supernatural agency. Thus the Grecian poet speaks of the torpedo. She

"Calls all her magic from its secret source,
And through the hook, the line, the taper pole,
Throws to the offending arm the stern control.
The palsied fisherman in dumb surprise,
Feels, through his frame, the chilling vapors rise—
Drops the vain rod, and seems in suffering pain,
Some frost-fixed wanderer on the icy plain."

Modern travelers have discovered other fishes possessed of similar powers, and even far greater in degree than those possessed by the torpedo; sufficient not only to secure their prey of smaller fishes, but also to cause torpor, and even death itself, in the larger animals which unadvisedly intrude upon their domains.

The atmosphere around us is always, more or less, charged with electricity, varying greatly at different times. That these electrical changes of the atmosphere sensibly affect both the physical and mental systems of man is perhaps beyond a reasonable doubt. Who does not remember the close and sultry—the gloomy, stupifying day, when even the birds seemed to have lost their accustomed sprightliness, and to droop in stillness, or wing their lazy flight through the silent groves; even the insect tribes are mute; all nature wears an air of languid sadness; and man's countenance seems but to reflect the general gloom? And who has not seen

"As from the face of heaven the shattered clouds,
Tumultuous rove the interminable sky?"
Their darting fires extinguished, and surceased
Their dread artillery; "through the lightened air
A higher lustre, and a clearer calm,
Diffusive tremble," while "earth in her rich attire
Consummate lovely smiled."

The birds hopped from branch to branch, fluttering in an ecstasy of bliss,

"While o'er the swelling mead,
The birds and flocks commingling played;"

and every nerve of animate creation seemed thrilling with delight.

Again, the well known effects upon the insane consequent upon changes of the moon, (whence their name lunatics,) familiar to all who have had experience with them, find their only solution in the electrical changes attendant upon the aerial tides, occasioned by the moon in its varied phases. So that in order to show the intimate and extensive connection of this agent with the animal economy, it is not necessary to recur to the modern theory of Animal Electricity—which has received such unbounded admiration from men of the highest abilities and deepest research, and equally unmeasured scorn and contempt from others—which attributes all muscular action and all *developments* of mind to the proper flow of electricity, or magnetic currents.

If we turn our attention to the vegetable kingdom, we shall find this all-pervading agent no less active here than in the other departments of nature. Although comparatively little attention has as yet been bestowed upon this branch of the science, yet sufficient is known to prove a very intimate connection between the growth and perfection of vegetation and electrical excitement—so intimate, indeed, that many have been inclined to regard it as the principle of life itself. In some experiments made upon some of the smaller vegetables, they were found to acquire in the course of a few hours, when under the influence of an electrical current, a growth which, under ordinary circumstances, would have required days, or even weeks. And it is a fact familiar to every observer of nature, as well as to every votary of the muses, that those storms which come accompanied by violent electrical phenomena, are those which contribute most largely to the rapid advancement of springing vegetation. It is

"When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive through the clouds;
And following slower, in explosion vast,
The thunder raises his tremendous voice with peal on peal,
Crushed horrible, convulsing heaven and earth," that "heaven
descends
In universal bounty, shedding herbs
And fruits and flowers on Nature's ample lap."

A still farther proof of its extensive influence is seen in the astonishing rapidity with which the native lichens and mosses, or the less hardy plants transferred from more southern climes, are known to spring up and ripen their fruits under the intense electrical excitement of an arctic summer. Such are some of the more prominent laws, properties and effects of electricity, as known previous to the commencement of the present century.

About the year 1790 a circumstance, in itself apparently of little importance, led to a series of experiments and discussions which resulted in laying open a new field of scientific research, and to an advancement of science the most rapid, and to a succession of discoveries the most brilliant, extensive and important, perhaps ever witnessed in the progress of human learning.

On placing a dissecting knife on the muscles of a frog, it was observed to produce spasmodic movements of his legs. This led to other observations and experiments, which resulted in the invention of the voltaic pile and battery. All that is essential to the production of electricity by the voltaic, or as it is now more commonly called the galvanic apparatus, is that two substances, placed in communication, be subjected to different degrees of chemical action, by means of acids, for example—that substance which is most powerfully attacked being found to become positively, and the other negatively electric. The tension of the electricity so produced, as measured by its capacity of giving shocks, or affording sparks, depends entirely on the number of plates of each substance, irrespective of their size; while the quantity is governed by the extent of surface, and degree of chemical action. The effects produced by the electricity of the battery are so perfectly similar to those of the common machine, as to leave no doubt of the identity of the agent, though modified in its action by different circumstances. The common friction machine is found to produce electricity of greater intensity, and is hence better adapted to giving severe shocks, and affording sparks, whilst the battery, producing it in greater abundance, is preferable in experiments requiring only quantity irrespective of tension, or where a constant current is desired. The remaining effects of electricity which we shall briefly notice, though they may be produced by the machine, are most easily performed by the battery. They may be divided into the chemical and magnetic. As a chemical agent, the voltaic or galvanic currents is one of the most active and efficient that we possess. By it many chemical operations are easily performed, which would otherwise be extremely difficult, if not impossible.

Its chemical power was first observed in the decomposition of water, oxygen and hydrogen gasses being evolved at the opposite poles or wires when a current is passed through water. Other bodies being submitted to its action afforded similar results, each being resolved into its appropriate elements; one of these elements uniformly appearing at the positive pole or wire, and the other as uniformly at the negative. By this means, the alkalies and many of the earths, which had resisted every previous effort to decompose them, were proved to consist of oxygen combined with certain metals, then for the first time presented to the examination of the chemist. But though acting with greatest energy on certain bodies, it does not attack indiscriminately every compound, but chooses its subjects according to certain well defined and highly curious laws.

Thus decomposition is effected only in those substances which are conductors of electricity. Again, those substances only are capable of decomposition, whose particles move freely among each other. Hence, in order to its operation on solids, they must be rendered liquid by fusion or solution. Even water, though acted upon with the greatest facility in its

fluid state, is entirely unaffected when rendered solid by freezing. Again, if two simple substances unite in several proportions, forming distinct compounds, only one of these compounds is capable of being directly resolved, viz., that in which the substances seem to unite in equal atomic proportions. Thus, while the chloride of tin is easily reduced, metallic tin and chlorine gas appearing at the opposite poles, the bichlorides in those that contain twice as much of chlorine, though far more easily decomposed by other means, are unaffected by any quantity of electricity.

Many bodies of this class, however, may be indirectly analyzed by the decomposition of a second substance, and the union of its elements with one or both of those of the body under examination. So that either directly or indirectly, nearly the whole catalogue of compounds, whether presented by nature or art, may be reduced. Bodies which had baffled the skill of the most ingenious experimenters, have yielded to this means of analysis; and substances have been made known, which, for ages, had eluded the most careful observation, and which, but for this means, might, for ages to come, have remained in their wonted concealment.

This agent, so powerful in decomposition, has proved itself no less efficient in reproducing the compounds it has destroyed. Thus, water submitted to its action is resolved into its constituent gasses: if now these gasses be mixed, and a discharge of electricity be passed through them, they are again united and water is reproduced. Another most interesting class of effects is that produced upon the metals and combustible bodies generally. Even gold and platinum, the most intractable of metals, are not only easily oxydized, but are melted and inflamed by the violence of its heat. Gold burns with a white light, while that emitted by silver is a brilliant, emerald green; that of lead purple. All combustible bodies may be inflamed by electricity, and the most infusible bodies of an incombustible nature may be melted, and even dissipated in vapor. There seems, indeed, to be no limit to the intensity of the heat which the chemist is thus able to command, except the size of his battery.

Whenever electricity is employed as a chemical agent, whether in the re-solution and re-production of compounds, or the oxydation, de-oxydation, or combustion of metals, the effect is exactly proportioned to the quantity employed. It is equally true, that the quantity of electricity produced by the galvanic battery varies precisely as the amount of chemical action. And in every operation of a chemical nature, from the simple evaporation of water, or crystalization of salt, to the refined and intricate processes of the chemist's laboratory, or of Nature's works, this subtle agent is found to be a never-failing accompaniment. These and other facts, of a similar nature, early forced upon the minds of some of the ablest natural philosophers the belief, that chemical and electrical powers are in their nature identical—that the peculiar affinity, or preference of different substances for each other,

causing them to enter into new alliances with the dissolution of older but less congenial associations; upon which, as a foundation, the whole superstructure of chemistry is reared, is owing entirely to the difference of their electrical characters.

And with every advancement of science, new proofs are presenting themselves in confirmation of this opinion. In this view, how many of the diversified operations of nature and of art, are but varied exhibitions of the power of this Protean agent? The crystalization of salt is but the orderly arrangement of its particles by this unseen hand—the light of our candles is an aggregation of electrical sparks; and our common culinary fire, is the wild lightning tamed.

While the science of chemistry is thus being merged in that of electricity, later discoveries afford strong grounds for anticipating a similar result in reference to magnetism. These sciences have ever been regarded as nearly allied; and each new discovery, as they present themselves in rapid succession before us, is narrowing down the space that has separated them, multiplying their points of resemblance, and diminishing the number of those in which they have hitherto appeared at variance.

The magnet, as is well known, may have its poles reversed, or its power entirely destroyed by lightning. And, again, bars of iron, by the same cause, may be rendered magnetic. The same may be done by a powerful electrical discharge. Again, a magnet may be made to revolve around its own axis, or around a fixed conductor, by means of an electrical current. Temporary magnets, of great power, may be made of simple bars of iron by the galvanic current, capable of producing all the phenomena of magnetism, so long as they are connected with the battery.

On the other hand, the common magnet may be made to give sparks, to produce decomposition, to give the shock; and, in a word, to exhibit nearly or quite all the effects of common electricity. The opinion, therefore, seems forced upon us, that it is the same agent, in its different developments.

This principle affords a ready explanation of the magnetism of the earth. For by supposing electrical currents to circulate around the earth parallel to the equator, all its observed phenomena may be satisfactorily accounted for, the magnetism being induced in the same manner as in the bar of iron connected with the galvanic battery.

That such currents actually do exist, if not a matter of strict demonstration, is yet rendered highly probable by the known magnetizing power of the sun's rays. Not only are the sun's rays capable of exciting such currents by means of their extensive chemical agency, but recent discoveries in the department of thermoelectricity seem to show that their heat alone is sufficient for this. Whenever, by any cause, the opposite extremities of conducting bodies are made of different temperature, the electrical equilibrium is found to be disturbed. Since then the earth, by its diurnal motion, is successively presenting its different sides to the

operation of the chemical and heating influences of the sun's rays, it requires but little effort of the imagination to suppose, nay we are almost compelled to believe, that currents of this nature should be produced. And, indeed, so fully competent do these causes seem to be, in the present state of our knowledge, that had we never observed the magnetic power of the earth, they might almost be made use of to establish *a priori*, the existence of those phenomena which observation has made known to us. The electricity thus set in motion, accumulating at the poles, and rising in streams into the upper regions of the atmosphere to be again diffused over the earth, gives rise to those splendid lights which illuminate the arctic heavens, and cheer, by their brilliant, ever-varying hues, and light, fantastic forms and "merry dance," the solitary hours of a polar winter. From the similar optical properties of the sun's light, and that of the electrical spark, and aurora borealis, and other causes, some opticians, with Herschell at their head, have been led to the suspicion that the light of this luminary, instead of being the result of ignition, is occasioned by the agitations of an electrical medium of great intensity circulating around the body of the sun. Should future investigations establish the truth of these conjectures, may we not suppose that the earth and all the planets are propelled in their orbits by the power of those currents, in accordance with the established laws of electro magnetic rotation and that gravity which binds together the members of the solar system, and is seen controlling the motions of the stars that twinkle in the immeasurable depths of space, is but another of the infinitely diversified effects of this wonder-working agent?

How do such views enlarge our conceptions of the economy of God's government, and increase our admiration of that wisdom which is capable of producing results the most infinitely diversified, by means the most limited—of performing operations of the greatest delicacy and minuteness, or of the most overwhelming sublimity and grandeur, by the same simple and effective agency; under whose direction, the same mysterious hand, that is employed in giving symmetry and beauty to the crystalled gem, to the diamond its sparkling lustre, or shading with inimitable skill the delicate tints of the rose and the carnation, is again seen shaking the mountains in its strength, or extending its sphere over the vast whole which fancy cannot bound.

"O'er its broad realm,
Unmeasured and immeasurably spread,
From age to age, resplendant lightnings urge
Their flight perpetual"—in wide embrace
Circling all "space on opening space that swells,
Through every part alike so infinite."
Shapes in its plastic hand the rolling spheres,
And guides their motions—draws world to world,
And circling world around its parent sun.
The sun, obedient to its high behest,
Round distant centre circling, rolling all
In orbs prescribed, and beauteous harmony,
Around the Eternal throne.

G. W. O.

Original.

HOPE AND FANCY.

BY JOHN TODD BRAME.

THE sea-boy, cast upon some lonely shore,
Doom'd to behold his friends and home no more;
No more to feel affection's fond caress,
Nor lay his head on friendship's gentle breast;
Still hopes that some kind bark may reach the strand,
And take him joyful to his native land;
And hope incites him to take every care,
That none may pass, unnoticed, by him there.

The small white cloud, borne by the rapid gale,
He fondly hopes to be some friendly sail;
And as he gazes, he perhaps will smile,
To think how soon, he'll leave the desert isle,
And see again the spot that gave him birth,
And join the loved ones, round the cottage hearth;
And when 'tis fled, still vainly he hopes on,
At noon and night, from eve to dawning morn.

But when he sinks beneath the tyrant's power,
HOPE dies, and FANCY rules the final hour;
The song of his wild native dells she sings,
And bears him homeward on her airy wings;
Assumes affection's anxious, soothing voice,
And bids his bleeding heart again rejoice;
His long-lost friends, like angels, hover nigh,
And home's blest comforts, greet his dying eye!

HEAVEN.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a tear for souls distressed;
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found above—in heaven!

There is a soft, a downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of even;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose in heaven!

There is a home for weeping souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When lost on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven!

There faith lifts up the tearful eye;
The heart with anguish riven;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—is heaven.

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven!

Original.

THE PAUPER TO THE RICH MAN.

'Tis the rich man rolling past,
The man of lordly sway,
And the chilly glance, on the pauper cast,
Would rebuke me from his way.

But, alas! my brother, spare
That look of cold recoil,
Nor with the pride of thy state, compare
The garb of want and toil.

And stay thine alms, for I seek
These meagre hands to fill,
No part of aught *thy* robes bespeak;
Yet are we brothers still.

Though thy scorn our path divide—
Though thou own'st no brother's heart;
Yet shall not envy's poisonous tide,
Our souls yet farther part.

Hast thou not suffered? Years
Have o'er thee also swept;
Thou hast journey'd in a vale of tears,
Hast thou not also wept?

Thou art strong, yet hath not pain
E'er bowed thy haughty head?
And the robe of wealth been found all vain,
A healing balm to shed?

And thy mind's rich light been lost?
As thou shrunk'st with icy chill—
Or in wildering dreams of frenzy tost,
Then are we brothers still.

Hast thou still in life's fierce race,
Swept on with strength unworn?
Nor dim uncertain aim taken place,
Of thy strong spirit's scorn?

Or hath strange weariness,
Mid all thy proud renown,
Hung on thy heart with palsying press,
Borne its high pulses down?

Till thou, in the rush of life,
Stood faltering, sick and chill,
And thy soul in faintness forgot its strife?
Then are we brothers still.

Hast thou not on human worth,
Too deep a venture laid?
And found more cold than the icy north,
The chill of trust betrayed?

And felt how like a spell,
Earth's warm light faded out,
As from the heart thou hadst loved too well,
Thou turn'dst *all* hearts to doubt?

Hast thou known and felt all this?
With many a *nameless* ill,

That drugged thy every drop of bliss?
Then are we brothers still.

And death! the spoiler death,
Who mocks even love's strong grasp—
Hath *he* borne nought to his halls beneath,
Won from thy soul's fond grasp?

Or hast thou bent to kiss
The lips, his breath had chilled?
And called in dreams of "remembered bliss,"
On tones for ever stilled?

And stood with bowed face, hid
By the grave, *thy* dead must fill,
And heard the sod on the coffin lid?
Then are we brothers still.

Is not deep suffering,
Upon thy nature sealed?
And shall all the gifts that dust may bring,
Thy mortal bosom shield?

And hasten we not down,
To the same low narrow bed?
Where the mighty doffs his victor crown,
And the captive rests his head.

Then pass on in thy pride,
Till earth shall claim her part;
Yet why should envy's bitter tide,
Flow o'er a *human* heart?

Original.

A SONG OF CALVARY.

WHERE'S love? On Calvary.
Go there, O man, and ask thyself,
What else could thus constrain
The Son of God, upon himself,
To take thy guilt and sin?
Yes, it was love, and love alone—
Love for our fallen race,
Which brought Messiah from his throne,
The pangs of death to taste.

Where's grief? On Calvary.
Grief fill'd the heart of God's dear Son,
Who bore our guilt and sin;
Anguish like his was never known,
Among the sons of men.
Anguish for what? For mortal man,
Who nail'd him to the tree;
For the just wrath of God was then
Appeased on Calvary.

Where's hope? On Calvary.
There the bright Gospel hope was lit;
And bursting to a flame,
Has roll'd in glory onward yet,
And still must roll the same,
Till all the heathen know and own
Him king eternally,
Who lit the beacon which has shone,
So bright from Calvary.

Original.

KATRINE.

—
 "Let not ambition mock their useful toil;
 Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor."
 —

It is a trite saying, but nevertheless true, that "one half of the world are ignorant how the other half live." If there are any amongst my readers who would like to be partially enlightened on this subject, let them go out into the lanes and alleys of our city, and amidst the foreign emigrant population there congregated, they may study humanity under a new phase, and perchance may learn much to satisfy them with their own condition in life, let that condition be almost whatever it may; for there they will find decrepid age and helpless infancy, and infirmity struggling with want and a host of untried evils in the home of the new emigrant. And yet have I seen all these difficulties combined with as much of sentiment and Christian philosophy, as would "point a moral or adorn a tale;" so that the writer need not wander beyond our own borders for matter of deepest interest for the pen. And could a certain good physician of my acquaintance, like a trans-atlantic brother, be induced to turn diarist, I am persuaded that many events might be brought before the public, as having occurred within the circle of his own practice, of as thrilling interest as those already recorded in the diary referred to, and equally acceptable to the reading world. For where can the heart be so well read as in the chamber of sickness and death! There the most determined actor lets fall the mask, and the moral painter has the fairest opportunity for the exercise of his art; and there also the Christian physician may catch the lights and shadows of the spiritual sufferer.

It was on the 5th of April, 1842, a day deeply engraven on the heart of many, and on the memory of all, that I date my story; the day when our city was celebrating the triumphs of temperance, and when hundreds, or rather should I say thousands, of the *risen dead*, who one short year before (having blotted out the image of their Maker) were lying prone in the dust, might now be seen lifting up their standards and their voices in the good cause. It was on this day, after having left the whole procession as I thought in another part of the city, that I was wending my way homeward, and at the corner of Race and Fifth-streets, I encountered another branch of the procession, composed chiefly of young girls, all neatly and tastefully dressed, their faces wreathed in smiles, and a song of rejoicing on their lips. Being unable to proceed on my way, I fell in with the multitude of gazers standing on the side pavement waiting their transit. Near me, amidst this heterogeneous crowd, I soon noticed a young female, possibly sixteen years of age, with an abstracted, despairing face, so unsuited to her years, and to the pageant before her, that I scanned her closely.

3

Her features bespoke her a foreigner, her dress told of her poverty, and her sadness of her unhappiness; my feelings were touched, and I felt a three-fold interest awakened within me; I now observed that she held in her hand, or rather clutched an empty phial, which seemed to be the sole object of her care. After lingering perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes, and thinking, I suppose with the rest of us, that the line was interminable, she watched her opportunity, and when there occurred a little vacancy in the ranks she darted through to the opposite side of the street, and with so determined an air, that I kept my eye upon her. Presently I saw her enter a druggist's store on the corner. I remembered the phial and feared she might be seeking some unholy potion, and I made my way through the crowd with what haste I could, determined to learn her errand. When I reached the door, she had been served, and was just leaving the store, and raising her eyes she addressed me by name. I now found that it was Katrine, and I feared no evil. This was a young German girl that I had frequently seen at the house of my friends some three years before, but who had entirely out-grown my recollection. Katrine was the eldest daughter of a poor family consisting of six children, who had emigrated from Germany some five or six years previous. The father was some sort of a mechanic, and the mother a neat-handed, industrious woman. But on their arrival in this country, they thought, with their young family, it was the most economical plan, and the surest safe-guard to the morals of their children, to purchase a small piece of property in the vicinity of the city, and turn their attention to the raising of fruit and vegetables for the market; and this plan was soon carried into effect. Thither they removed with their family, and began with German enthusiasm their horticultural pursuit; and for a brief space they were all well and happy. But the climate soon proved ungenial to the mother, and she was attacked with neuralgia in its most excruciating form, and after suffering for several months she was deprived of the use of her hands, and soon afterwards of her feet, and for nearly five years she has now been confined to her bed, incapable of helping herself. She is a constant witness to the over-wrought exertions of her young family, and yet no murmur escapes her lips; she manifests no impatience of spirit, although her sufferings are often acute, as well as protracted. The father soothed and commiserated her with great kindness; but the laboring poor have little leisure for the indulgence of tender emotions; and he had often to leave her to the care of the girls, whilst he and the elder boys worked in the field for their daily support. Thus, at the tender age of thirteen, Katrine became nurse for her parent, and foster mother to the younger children. No wonder, then, that she should look thoughtful and pensive. Her poor, suffering mother, when free from pain, strove to cheer her by being herself cheerful, and conjured her "never to feel sad while she was permitted to enjoy health." But their

cup of affliction was not yet full. After they had been but a little more than a year in their new home, and when their stock of poultry, and other domestic comforts had increased around them, and their fields began to reward them for their labor, the father was struck down by the felling of a tree, and taken up for dead. He was soon resuscitated, however; but was found to be so injured in the spine that he has ever since been a helpless cripple! It was at this crisis of things that I first became acquainted with Katrine. The family now removed to the city, where they could have the aid of the benevolent, and they were visited and almost supported by their charities. There were kind hearts deeply interested in their sufferings; and foremost amongst these were the friends whom I was then visiting. They encouraged Katrine to call upon them for any little comfort for her parents; and well do I remember with what humble thankfulness these and some ready-made garments were received. And this family, poor as they were, had soon a melancholy opportunity of manifesting their grateful remembrance of one of their benefactresses. This they did in a very touching manner. Mrs. R. died in the winter of 1840, and the day following her decease there was a heavy fall of snow, filling the streets, and impeding the door-ways, but they did not permit it to lie long near the house of their deceased friend. The whole family of children, male and female, assembled, with their brooms and shovels, and having quietly swept the large area, to accommodate the funeral attendants, they mournfully withdrew; gratitude having suggested to these children of poverty the only token of respect they had it in their power to show on the occasion; and it was just such an one as would, for its simplicity and sincerity, have found acceptance with my departed friend. My other friend, their other benefactress, still lives to dispense, with liberal hand, continued benefits, and long may it be before they are called to mourn her departure. But to return to the druggist's store. Katrine's present errand I learned was to procure morphine for her mother. This medicine was a severe tax upon the little money that passed through their hands; but then it always acted like a charm upon her painful disease, and soothed her into quietude, and Katrine believed in her heart that her mother would not have been living but for its sanative virtues. This, then, was the reason why she looked with so much interest upon the receptacle for this restorative. Her mother was suffering at home, and the pageant was to her nothing but a hindrance in her way, and thus she eagerly pressed forward, forgetful of every thing but the performance of her duty. It is under circumstances like these that the human heart is purified from the dross of selfishness, which is often mixed up with its seeming disinterestedness. Thus it becomes disengaged, as it were, from the outward influences of life, and while counting up the mingled mercies of its lot, loses the sense of its bitterness. This is the seed-time too for the Holy Spirit; and, O, how many have found it "good to have been afflicted."

"To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favors are denied,
And pleased with favors given;
This, surely this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose savor smells to heaven!"

These were Katrine's darkest days. God saw her goodness, and rewards her even in this life, by bestowing upon her a protector and friend. A young countryman of her own, of great moral worth, who had been long looking on with admiration at her filial piety, and nothing deterred by the needy and helpless situation of her family, has nobly offered to wed Katrine, and become an inmate and co-worker for them all. How rarely, amidst the rich in the higher ranks of life, do we meet with such disinterestedness! There the first germ of sympathy is often checked by some circumstance of artificial life, and turning from the holy fountain of nature, they woo and wed without giving the heart a voice in the decision. Such is the foundation they lay for married happiness! And the result usually justifies the conditions of this contract. I suppose before this, Katrine is a bride. When I last saw her, there was a quiet, subdued happiness in her whole manner, and the sunshine of the Spirit was beaming in her countenance; and I was told that they were preparing for a double ceremony, and were to give themselves to God and each other, on the opening of the new year, by becoming members of the German Methodist Church.

C. A. B.

MEDITATION.

ONE ancient traveler I love especially to recall. Dear to my heart are the reminiscences of father Abraham's history. His faith, his obedience, fain would I copy. He hears the voice of God, "Out from thy country, from thy kindred, from thy father's house"—and he obeys. He is told that "as the stars innumerable, so great shall be his seed." And again, "His seed shall be in bondage." No matter what it is, it comes from God, and he receives it. All is alike to him. God's will is good, whatever it may be. Step by step he follows in the leadings of God's providence. O how many call themselves God's children, and profess to take his word for their guide, and yet rebel at his providences. Not so did Abraham. Isaac, the beloved son, the *child of promise*, he offers at God's command. Isaac is offered up, and yet he lives. So when self is crucified, our souls reflowerish, bloom with better life.

Good old pilgrim! One of the first born into heaven from this dark and sinful world! Joy springs up in my bosom to think that I shall see and know thee. O that like thee I might pursue on earth a steady, onward, upward course. When I feel myself a pilgrim, I will remember Abraham. When God's providence is dark, I will think of Abraham, and will submit to all my Father's will.—*Guide to Christian Perfection.*

MUSINGS.

"While I was musing, the fire burned."—Precious are the hours, sacred to God, to holy meditation, when the mind, disencumbered of earthly cares, is left free to follow the movement of the heart. When by close contemplation, spiritual things become living realities, and act with power upon the mind and heart. Give me the daily hours of sacrifice, a time and place sacred alone to God; and then my soul will gather strength and prosper. Cares may encumber and press upon me, but I rise above them; the hallowing influence which I here receive extends itself through all the busy scenes of life; it leaves an edge of brightness on the darkest hours. God is here! the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! What support, what consolation! The secrets of the heart are all revealed. Here holy tears are shed—soft tears of penitence, of godly sorrow. And here is heard, speaking to the heart, that voice of the sacred word which says, "*Thy sins are all forgiven thee.*" O, the untold bliss of that heart which asks and receives forgiveness. Yes, believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable. Here the joyful consecration is made of soul and body unto the Lord, and here is heard that same voice of the holy word which says, "*I will receive you, I will be a Father unto you.*" Who can paint the feelings, and give the true expression of that heart, that thus exults in secret, possessing the bliss of being an adopted child of God, an heir of glory! We will call it praise and adoration, but it partakes of angel worship, and mixes with their hallowed songs. How the cloud of incense rises! how many hearts are now in unison ascending upward!

Precious in the eyes of God are the jewels of the Savior's crown. Though far off, they sparkle, beaming with his radiance. Yes, the Savior knows and loves his own reflected image. We may come, then, to the secret place, and greet his smiles with holy delight. What spot so dear, as the chosen one of our retirement! What hour to be compared with that which brings us to the banqueting chamber, where we may feast on the love of Jesus at the twilight hour? What a gathering is there to the secret place, each to his own loved spot! There is a mingling of the shades of light and darkness. Fit emblem of the soul, midway between earth and heaven. As truly as the light and darkness are commingling, so are the aspirations of those holy hours uniting us to God. We will greet the hour of prayer, with something of those feelings with which we expect to enter heaven. It is next to heaven to be alone with God; or rather, where God is, there is heaven.

"I am the vine, ye are the branches."—Nature answers her noblest end, when she is made to represent eternal, living truths. God has so made use of it, he so instructs us by it, that wherever we turn our eye, we may gain a spiritual thought, a deep impression of heaven-born truth. Nature becomes life and power to the spiritual mind. What words can express so truly the union of the soul with Christ, as the words, "I am the vine, ye are the branches!" Who can add

a second thought to increase the power, the vividness of the impression? We, who love the Lord Jesus, who feel the union, admire the simile, and know of a surety, as cleaves the branch unto the vine, so cleaves our soul to Jesus. As truly as that gathers life and strength from its union with the stock, so our life comes from him. And when we see the withered branch cut off and lying dead, our hearts tremble lest, by reason of sin, we lose our vital power, our union with our Savior, and become twice dead. This is the union, his heart received into our own, and our hand securely held in his. Each whisper of his love, each soft reclining of the soul, and each cross, each needful chastening, binds stronger and stronger the soul to Jesus. The meanest service, if there can be a mean service which love imposes, and which love bears, becomes a delight to the soul, in union with him. Yea, he himself bears the yoke and sustains the burden. Up the rising steps she leans on her beloved, and he upholds her. And instead of fainting, the soul rises, as on eagle wings; and as she soars aloft, she chants forth sweetest strains of love and praise to her Redeemer, her upholder. As Christ is one with God, so are his disciples one with him. Who can describe this union, but he who partook of it, and who illustrates it to us, by the vine and the branch? And are not the disciples one with each other, grafted into the same stock, hanging on the same stem? Yes, they are one. Praise, everlasting praise, for one harmonious centre; one source of strong attraction which binds in close affinity discordant hearts, and makes them one. Yes, our thoughts and feelings all converge and centre in our blessed Jesus. From him all our light and glory issues, and though far from the centre, and far from each other, the rays diverging east and west, and north and south, yet is there sweet attraction, and we are one. Shines not the same glory also on the heavenly company, meet we not in the same centre? Yes, we are one circle; they on the inner, we on the outer ring. O, ye celestial ones, I greet you from this far off country, and I hail you blessed! And I hear you echo back, "*Blessed, peace too on earth.*" Yes, peace in the bosom of him that is united to Jesus. But more blessed to be there! to live in the unclouded sunlight of his presence, and to know that he will never cease to shine on me, nor I to gaze on him; to be where I shall never, never sin! Sometimes I think of Enoch who was not—God took him. And of Elijah carried on the wings of love, with swiftest speed to heaven, and of that blessed company, one after one, who fall asleep in Jesus' arms; and my turn will come. I will, God helping me, preserve the union of my soul with Jesus, and then whether I live or die, whether I wake or sleep, I shall live together with him.—*Guide to Christian Perfection.*

THE keenest abuse of our enemies will not hurt us so much in the estimation of the discerning, as the injudicious praise of our friends.

Original.

SOUTH AMERICA.

I HAD, for some years, entertained a strong inclination to visit South America, especially for the purpose of making a tour through the unexplored wilds of its interior. My health, which had become impaired under the rigors of a northern climate, rendering it necessary for me to seek a more genial one for its restoration; and having some little business of a commercial character to adjust in one of the Brazilian provinces, all obstacles to the gratification of my long cherished desires were removed. By the particular request of a literary friend, I had made copious sketches of incidents occurring on the passage, but they are generally too unimportant for the public eye. At sea, especially after the lapse of twenty-five or thirty days, without seeing any thing but the wide waste of waters, any little event that breaks the monotony of the scene assumes a wonderful importance. Even the harpooning of a boneto, or the catching of a skipjack, affords matter of gratulation, converse, and discussion, for hours. After a passage prolonged, by light winds and calms, to fifty days, we made Cape St. Vincent, the eastern extremity of South America, and distant some eighteen miles from Pernambuco, our port of destination—the beautiful harbor of which we entered in the course of the day.

The first important thing of interest that attracts the attention of the stranger, on approaching the Brazilian in this section, is, the countless swarm of fishing swacks, or, as they are called by the natives, catawarands. They are not so remarkable for their number, (though past computation,) as for the rude manner of their construction, the purposes to which so rude a thing is applied, and their wonderful sailing qualities. The catawarand is constructed of from three to six cork-wood logs, (the number varying according to size,) which are from eight to twelve inches in diameter, and twenty-five to thirty feet in length. These logs are fastened together, beside each other, by mortising, and putting three pieces of joist through the whole, thus making what *we* should term a raft. Each end is then brought to a point by hewing from the sides and bottom, tapering regularly some eight or ten feet from the end. This constitutes the entire hulk of this, to me, marine wonder. Its sail, which is very large, and of the lattice form, (three cornered, or nearly a triangle,) is fastened to a mast having a joint, or hinge, about two feet from its lower end, so that the mast and sail are both hoisted together, and are stayed up by wooden stakes and rope braces. The conveniences for the navigator or fisherman are of a piece with the rest of the ship, the whole consisting of a small rude seat for each, some two feet high, so as to keep its occupant out of the water. The Brazilian never allows his catawarand to remain in the water over night, unless at sea with it. In fact, he does not leave it, on landing, without taking it high and dry out of the water, and turning it up on its side; which, from its extreme lightness, he is able to

do with but little assistance. This is done to prevent its becoming water soaked, which would materially injure its sailing qualities. That such a thing should have been invented for use in rivers and bays, I could have imagined. But that it should come into general use for braving the tempests and billows of old ocean, to the extent that it has in Central Brazil, I could not have supposed. Even in the roughest weather they are seen far at sea, riding the tempest equally with the finest ship. From their extreme lightness, and small draught of water, they are able to out-sail the finest vessels that have ever been built. I was, indeed, really chagrined to see these rude things constantly passing us, sailing two miles to our one, though we were in a fast sailing vessel. An average of not less than one hundred arrive at and leave Pernambuco per day. Voyages of ten and twelve hundred miles were formerly performed on them, but they do not commonly go down the coast with them, at the present day, more than two or three hundred.

The entrance into the harbor of Pernambuco from sea, is one of the most wonderful transitions imaginable; and upon a stranger produces almost a magic effect, especially if the wind be high outside at the time of entering. I do not now speak of the splendid scenery with which the whole bay is so beautifully decorated, nor of the magnificent coral reef forming the harbor, which, for grandeur and magnificence, is really unparalleled, and is beheld by every foreigner only with wonder and admiration; but simply the passing from the broad heaving ocean to the lovely bay where all is calm and still. There is nothing that bears comparison to it, in entering any other port in the world. A correct description of the entrance will justify, I think, the above remarks. The harbor is not more than twenty-five or thirty rods wide. It is formed by a narrow coral reef about twenty yards wide, extending several miles, nearly parallel with the shore. Inside of this reef glides, as smooth as glass, the still waters of the bay. A small river, which passes through the bay to the sea, creates a current sufficient to make the surface of the water perfectly smooth, except at flood-tide, when the waves breaking over the reef, create a very slight motion. Outside, (only some sixty feet from where exists this almost unbroken stillness of the waters,) the waves of the broad Atlantic, with not an obstacle for thousands of miles to check their perpetually increasing power, break with awful majesty and grandeur. Coming in from sea, vessels double directly round the point of this reef, not more than twenty yards distant from it, and proceed directly up the narrow harbor. The distance from passing the end of the reef, where tempests blow and billows roll, with all the fury of mid ocean, to the place of anchorage, where not a ripple moves the surface of the waters, is not more than sixty yards. The effect produced on me by this singular transition was past description. I sought similitude almost in vain. I could only compare it to the dying hour of the saint of God. One moment he is tossed

upon the waves of time, the swelling tide of temptation besets him, and the high billows of death finally sweep over him, but the next moment his bark is safely moored, where the tempest has ceased, the billows are hushed, and the raptures of heaven awake to the song of his triumph.

The coral reef forming the harbor, to which I have already referred, is the most wonderful and important formations of its kind. It is, indeed, the admiration of the world. As was remarked to me by an English gentleman while viewing it, the combined wealth and skill of the ancients or moderns, could never have formed such a harbor; and yet this magnificent pile, extending many miles, had been reared up by one of the most minute insects, in defiance of the raging billows, and rendered an effectual barrier to ocean's mightiest waves. Its external has the appearance of countless myriads of little insects imbedded in, and forming its surface, the color of which is mostly a light brown. There are, however, veins of various colors coursing in different directions through the entire mass, amongst which are some of the most brilliant hues imaginable. The color of the internal of the coral is a light flesh, with a shading of green. I visited the reef several times, and could never consent to leave it, till compelled to do so by the swelling tide. It is, indeed, a sublime spot for meditation. While there I could not but contrast the greatness and wisdom of man, or rather his weakness and folly, with the wisdom and power of his Maker. Turning my eyes to the shore, the busy hum of man's highest designs (generally measured by a few glittering dollars) presented itself in all its insignificant littleness, when contrasted with the scene at my other side. Here the deafening roar of mountain billows breaking, bespoke the grandeur of a God, whose measure is infinity, whose duration eternity.

THE PHYSICIAN'S WIFE.

"In one of the freezing days of our climate, a young physician, but recently married, invited his wife to accompany him on a visit to one of his patients.

"You are romancing, James; what, visit a family without an invitation or exchanging cards?"

"In this family, my dear Amanda, there is no ceremony of cards," said James, "but they will not be the less pleased to see you."

"I never used to go to see our people in this way," said Amanda, thoughtfully; "but," continued she, after a short deliberation, "I'll go with you, James, any where."

"They passed from the handsome street of their residence to a public square, and crossing over, entered a small alley, in which Amanda saw a row of houses built in a manner that showed that they were for the laboring class. Crossing the whole range, they entered the last house, and at the first door Dr. Ledson gave a gentle rap. A woman opened it, and welcomed him.

"Two chairs were immediately set, one with the back broken off, the other rickety and unstable.

"Before the fire were two little children seated on the hearth making a noise, which the attendant females vainly endeavored to quell. A girl about ten years of age came out of a small pantry bed-room and smiled as she spoke.

"In a large rude chair sat a thin female. She rocked herself incessantly. She looked up when Dr. Ledson addressed her, but neither smiled nor spoke. Her complexion was sallow by sickness, her lower jaw had fallen from its sockets, and her teeth chattered with the vain endeavor to close the mouth.

"At receiving the nourishment at the hand of her companion, she seemed revived.

"I am glad to see you, doctor, though I had hoped to have been released from my wretchedness before now. I do not complain, but my bones have started through my skin, and I suffer"—she shivered and stopped an instant.

"I thought it very hard when I lost my baby last summer; but I see it was kind; what would have become of it now? I must leave these, as young as they are, to take care of themselves, and my husband is none of the *stadiest*."

"She did not weep, she was past that human feeling. Amanda looked on with silence. She had learned more of life's state from this scene, than she could have acquired from volumes. She now felt a wiser woman at eighteen, than she would otherwise have been at twenty-five.

"It brings down all our vanity and little repinings, to see a spectacle of such woe. Even the almost total insensibility of the sick was more touching than ordinary sorrows. It gave a feeling of so much that must have been endured before.

"Is this your sister?" said the woman.

"No," said James, and Amanda smiled as he replied, "it is my wife."

"Is it your wife?" said she, showing some vivacity. How sweet she looks! Can she sing? O, can she sing, 'I would not live always?'"

"How often had Amanda sung that carelessly before. She felt awed and humbled now by every syllable that floated on her rich tones around the narrow apartment.

"The dying looked up so thankfully, that she even looked pretty, as a light hectic relieved her livid countenance. She said audibly, 'I hear the angels singing now around me,' and then relapsed into a monotonous groan of weariness.

"The little girl shook hands beseechingly as the young couple left, and in a subdued voice Amanda whispered, 'We will take care of you.'

"Who like the physician, save indeed the minister, is called to see human nature in every shadow of a tint? The rich and the poor, the delicate and the coarse, the learned and ignorant, come before him without disguise.

"Amanda thought before that she had loved her husband; but luxury is a dead-sea atmosphere, in

which the noble passions sicken and lie motionless. She clung to James' arm as he returned home, with a feeling of devotion to him that she had never imagined before; and in the pleasure she experienced in so softening the sorrows of her fellow creature's poverty, she found every day new cause to rejoice in having shared her fortune with one, who, if he brought to her no addition of the earth's wealth, had taught her there is a way of employing it that will awaken delight."

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

Who can understand like David the beauty of this simile? Himself a shepherd, with a shepherd's heart, he watched the sheep. See him on the mountain, leading them forth from green to greener pasturage; over the hills and through the valleys they follow on, in beautiful submission to their leader. Now by some pleasant spring they stop and drink. Then to some cool refreshing shade he leads them, where they lie down and rest. Each little lamb is gathered to its mother's side and sleeping. David is awake, and watches to defend them from all danger. It was thus in rural simplicity, in honest employment, that David's heart was nurtured, his early associations formed, which in after life are to be brought out, and spread over a vast field of mind and heart. Age after age has rolled away, and yet the songs of David are rehearsed, as full of life and beauty, as when they first were uttered. Methinks he held much converse with nature in the open fields, under the broad canopy of heaven; watching the stars, the rising and the setting sun, the opening bud and blossom, and the fading, withered leaf. The gentle breeze and gurgling brook made music in his ear. The raging wind, the thunder's crash and the lightning's gleam, all had their charms for him. From that harp of his, seated on some grassy hillock's side, I hear a plaintive strain, in unison with the calm of nature on a summer's eve. And in the early morning hour, when birds awake to mirth and music, methinks his soul caught the same tone of gladness, and his merry heart rang praise. As a child, he talked with nature; and nature answered. In her ten thousand forms and tones she spoke to him, although no speech nor voice was heard.

The Lord is my Shepherd. How can David want with such a shepherd as the living God? To life, to beauty, he restores his soul. Blots out his sins, and leads him in the paths of righteousness. He may bathe his soul in light and love. The living God is inexhaustible, and God is his; his rock, his refuge, his buckler, his high tower, the home of his salvation, is the Lord, the mighty God. David, so full did thy heart gush forth to God, so many and so loud thy praises, it may be we had rendered unto thee more praise than is man's due, did we not mark thy fall. 'Twas to the shepherd's heart the story of that "one ewe lamb" was told. Back on himself recoiled his indignation. Bowed as a bulrush to the earth he bewails his guilt before the Lord.

The Lord is my Shepherd. Far from the angry toil and strife of life, I wander by my Shepherd's side. I mark the path he treads, and follow on. I listen to his voice, which calls me from the forbidden paths of sin. Sweet is the Shepherd's voice, and kind the words he speaks. Not more soft distills the gentle dew, than fall upon my ear his gracious words. My soul is happy while I follow him. Wheresoever he leadeth, I have bound my heart to follow.—*Guide to Christian Perfection.*

EARLY PIETY.

An early grave is the lot of millions of our race. Like the fair blossoms of an uncongenial spring, they come forth only to perish. A third part of the young are destined to an early tomb; and what but early piety can prepare them for such a destiny? The expiring child, who has been taught to fear her God, and to lisp the precious name of her Savior, is in a more envied position than the most renowned philosopher, in all the height of his discovery, who has not sat down, as a little child, at the feet of Jesus. O, the sweet peace, the calm and holy serenity, the bright and joyous hope, which play around the dying pillow of the young Christian, as she combats the last enemy, and prepares for her heavenly flight! We have seen her, in life's bright morn, ere yet the heart was saddened with care, longing to depart and be with Christ, which is far better; we have seen the glassy eye brightening and sparkling with the hopes of immortality; we have heard the faint but fervent prayer poured from quivering and pallid lips, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" O, how unutterably sublime is the death of a young Christian! To see her quitting the world without a sigh, at that period of life when most it is fitted to allure; to hear her counseling her brothers and sisters, with a dying, faltering voice, to seek the Lord while he may be found, to call upon him while he is near; to behold her, with all the calm resignation and faith of a departing prophet, committing her immortal spirit into the bosom of her Savior and her God; to see the smile of peace resting upon her motionless features, even after they have subsided into all the stillness and coldness of death. Surely this is the perfection of the moral sublime—a spectacle of moral and spiritual grandeur which nothing but faith in a crucified Redeemer could ever realize.

How sweet are the affections of social kindness! how balmy the influence of that regard which dwells around our fire-side! Distrust and doubt darken not the brightness of its purity, the cravings of interest and jealousy mar not the harmony of that scene. Parental kindness and filial affection blossom there in all the freshness of an eternal spring. It matters not if the world is cold, if we can but turn to our dear circle, and ask and receive all that our own heart claims.

Original.

E N O C H .

A POEM IN FOUR CANTOS.

CANTO III.—THE DEATH OF ADAM.

BRIGHT courser of the vast ethereal plains,
 Whose arrows the almighty Architect
 Has formed and polished with a skill divine,
 Awhile thy swift revolving wheels bid stop—
 Thy fiery steeds restrain—their raging force
 Curb in—and thy own glowing face, too bright
 For mortal gaze, in mournful darkness veil.
 Upon a scene so sad cast not thy eye;
 But in the midst of yonder heaven stand still,
 And weep. The milder full-orbed moon, who shines
 To tell of thy existence when unseen
 By mortal sight, in sombre shadows veiled,
 Bid hide in utter night her silvery face.
 The stars, which far beyond thy stately course
 Their track pursue in regions still unreached
 By mortal ken, bid them withdraw the light
 Which for ten centuries, with mildest ray,
 On man has beamed: and from their distant seats
 Awhile forbear on earth to cast their eye.
 Let universal nature hang the pail,
 As sable as when ancient Chaos claimed
 A universe as his domain, and night
 Unbroke, and silence utter, with him ruled.
 For he, who first of all the human race,
 Your courses marked—in God's own image made—
 With mind immortal—powers unmeasured yet,
 But still expanding, and while endless years
 In cycles infinite—eternity—
 Unmeasured, unconceived—shall roll away
 For ever to expand—for happiness
 Originally formed, with powers complete,
 A perfect soul, in form as perfect placed.
 Behold, thus born to immortality,
 Man withers—droops—expires!

O! nature, then,

In silence weep. And you, celestial hosts,
 Though sorrow ne'er invades your breasts, your harps
 Ne'er strung as yet to mournful themes, nor cheeks
 With sadness marked, yet cease awhile your joy—
 Your harps in silence rest—your tongues be mute,
 And from the mournful scene of dying man
 A lesson learn—THE SAD RESULTS OF SIN.

He dies! the father of the race expires!
 The patriarch of earth, whose family
 By millions numbered now,* but who, in vain,
 Once sought a form to his assimilate,
 Amid a peopled world now breathes his last!

Beneath an aged, stately palm, whose years
 Reached back to earliest infancy of time,

* The family of Abraham, in less than 500 years, increased to about 3,000,000, and this exclusive of the descendants of Ishmael and Esau. If the early inhabitants of the earth increased with equal rapidity, the offspring of Adam, before his death, must have numbered many millions.

Whose shade the pristine pair had oft enjoyed,
 And near whose base the earliest altar stone
 Was reared—whose broad o'ershadowing leaves beheld
 The victim immolated first for sin,
 And with th' ascending flame of sacrifice,
 The deep contrition viewed, the solemn prayer
 And supplication heard—beneath that tree,
 On sylvan couch, the dying man reclined.

Not sudden was the summons sent which called
 From earth its heir and lord, ordained of God
 To have dominion o'er its wooded hills,
 Its vales, its air, its seas, and tribute lay
 On all of earth inferior to himself;
 And whose commission, sealed with heaven's broad
 seal,

The King of kings in person gave, and bade
 Earth's myriad hosts be subject to his will.
 Not suddenly this first of monarchs laid
 His sceptre down. For near ten centuries
 His reign endured. Though disobedience fell,
 Had caused a forfeit of his trust, and death
 Immediate on his life and soul was doomed,
 Yet, by remedial grace, the sentence stayed,
 Invested powers in part restored, and joy
 Like Eden's bliss conditionally pledged,
 He still, by God's permit, his sway maintained;
 And when th' resistless mandate of the skies—
 "From dust thou art, TO DUST RETURN"—went forth,
 The Infinite Executive of heaven
 His arms of tenderness around him placed,
 And bade him peacefully and slowly come.

Around his couch a numerous throng was seen,
 To hear the last farewell of one so loved,
 And from his venerated, dying lips,
 A blessing crave. Not all who called him Sire
 Were there. Ten thousand sons, whose hearts de-
 praved,
 And sympathies congealed, the death-bed scene
 Avoided with profoundest dread; for death
 They feared. And every thought of death, the grave,
 And future scenes, was banished from the mind.

But while the vicious sons of earth their lusts
 With dreadful haste pursued, and boldly walked
 The road to ruin's gate, and followed sin
 Where'er it led, unmindful of that scene,
 The pious gathered round, and eager caught
 Each whisper of the dying man.

His head

Reclined on Enoch's breast, and pillowed there;
 For none of all the race so like a son
 In constancy of warm affection proved.
 In youth, a pupil in the ways of truth,
 The lessons wisdom and experience gave
 From Adam's lips he learned. Now o'er his head
 Three centuries had passed, and manhood brought
 In all its prime. His youthful character
 Had mellowed down to perfect loveliness.
 Each day he walked with God—communion held,

Most intimate and sweet, with kindred minds,
And ranged with them the paradise above.
His ear was turned to catch the parting words
Of him whose life had been his constant guide,
And by whose admonitions he had learned
To shun the paths of sin. Around him stood,
In silent grief, a pious throng of those
Whose hearts had learned to weep with those who
weep.

The silvered locks of age from Adam's brow
Were gently turned aside. His mild bright eye
Was upward raised to heaven. His ashy lips
In quivering silence moved. His wrinkled brow
Was moistened by the dew of death. At length,
Forgetting those around, his glassy eyes
On Enoch's tearful face are turned. Their glare
Told death was nigh. His aged voice, once sweet
And more harmonious than the lute's soft lay,
The fearful grasp of death had rendered hoarse.
With hands enfolded on his breast, he spoke:
"My son! the crowning consequence of sin,
This side the bounds of time, in me behold.
The final hour of life has come. This pulse
Beats slowly. Breath grows short. This beating
heart,

As wearied of its task, performs its part
Most sluggishly, and often seems to stop,
As though its work were finished quite. These eyes,
Whose polished lustre clearly mirrored forth
The soul's deep workings, now are failing fast.
This complicated frame, so perfect once,
So full of mystery, the master-piece
Of all the mighty Architect has made,
Must soon become a lifeless mass of clay,
As worthless as its fellow earth. In this—
Destruction utter of the human frame—
Behold the ruthless power of sin. How sad!
That sin which closed the gates of Paradise,
And near them placed a double flaming sword,
Barred heaven, and placed a tripple cherub band
Around its holy walls. One point alone
No flaming sword defends. 'Tis MERCY'S GATE.
And there, through wisdom boundless, unconceived,
And pity infinite, and love in depths
Unknown, unmeasured by the mightiest mind,
The guilty penitent may pardon find,
And be accepted of his God. The bounds
Which separate me from that holy place
Are nearly passed, and soon"—
He spoke no more. One groan—one heaving sigh,
And all was stilled in death.

That manly form,
At whose creation Deity had paused
In deep deliberative thought*—that form
So wondrous, so complete—the residence
Of the immortal mind in image made

* The passage, Genesis i, 26, would seem to imply both *de-liberation* and *consultation*; as if the creation of man was a work so stupendous that Deity paused to consult!

Of uncreate Jehovah's self—with life
Inspired, and by th' Omniscient eye pronounced,
In every part, complete—that glorious form
Now lies in silent death!

The occupant
Of Eden's holy bowers, participant
Of God's approving smile—the creature mind,
Who, as with fellow man, communion held
And daily intercourse, with God, whose heart
In unison with holy beings beat,
Till sin discordant throbbings introduced—
The first—the head—the parent of a race—
Lies cold, and motionless, and dead!

Weep, then,
O Nature, weep! Through all thy vast domains
Let mournful sounds arise. Howl piteously
Ye stormy winds. Ye softly murmuring brooks
Sad be your notes. And thou, old ocean, too,
Thy solemn roar command—a mighty part—
In sorrowing nature's funeral dirge; for man,
The noblest offspring of creative skill,
Lies cold, and motionless, and dead!

(To be concluded.)

Original.

GETHSEMANE.

GETHSEMANE! O, how I love
To think what scenes in thee transpir'd,
When there the Savior knelt to prove
What wondrous love his breast inspir'd—
Yes, love beyond expression, vast,
And boundless! See the Savior, see!
Enduring anguish to the last
For sinful wretches such as me.
What agony, O Lord, was thine,
When wrung by guilt! but not thy own.
Thou call'dst on Heav'n for aid divine,
That thou might'st bring us to thy throne.
And could'st thou suffer thus, and we
Not praise thee for the bright display
Of love which raises us to thee,
And opens up eternal day—
Which bids us live, for ever live,
In those bright realms prepar'd above,
There to enjoy all thou canst give,
And bask in thy unchanging love!
How shall I praise thee for this free
And undeserved gift of grace,
Which lifts the ransom'd soul to thee,
To dwell on high before thy face?
Gethsemane, the blood, the tear,
All pictur'd, seem before my view.
O, Savior, while I see thee there,
Fill with thy love my heart anew!
Time-hallow'd spot! I linger yet
Around thee. Lord, wilt thou control
My heart, if thee I should forget,
And calm the tempests of my soul!

NOTICES.

HISTORY OF EUROPE, from the Commencement of the French Revolution to the Restoration of the Bourbons. By Archibald Allison, F. R. S. E. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is one of the most interesting of all epochs, in the relations of its events to philosophy, morals, and religion. Its history ought to be made up with a skill and a care proportioned to the magnitude of its events. The record should be truthful and minute; impartial in opinion; and sound in its philosophy. The writer, of course, should not be a mere historian, in the sense of sketching facts. He should bring to his task the researches of scholarship, the integrity of the jurist, and the prudence of the civilian. To these some additions—such as theological discernment, and of the class of Belles Lettres, so that it may show some attractions to superficial minds, will be a slight gain.

The press has bestowed the highest praise on this work, and it has passed rapidly through three editions. From a slight examination of the first two numbers, we are prepared, in part, to echo the favorable opinions of the press. In the points, which so brief an examination enables us to judge, it is a work of almost unequalled merit. It seems to possess all the excellences which can render historic records valuable. We think it cannot be read in vain. Its facts are well selected and arranged, its descriptions of scenes and characters almost inimitable, and its style is scarcely surpassed in propriety, force, and eloquence.

The work is issued in sixteen numbers, at twenty-five cents each; so that the American reader will pay four dollars for a work which cost the Englishman fifty dollars.

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SCIENCE, LITERATURE, AND ART: comprising the History, Description, and Scientific Principles of every Branch of Human Knowledge, with the Definition and Derivation of all the Terms in use. With engravings on wood. General Editor, W. T. Brande, F. R. S. L. & E. Assisted by several gentlemen. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This work will be valuable for reference. It is for this use principally that it seems to be designed, as its articles are very brief, and its type is too small for any other purpose. It is issued, like the "History," in numbers of 112 pages each, semi-monthly.

Encyclopedias are very useful to the student. From their pages he may often refresh or correct the memory in regard to facts, persons, or principles which it is important or desirable for him to know, and yet are too trivial to warrant much research. Brande's Dictionary will cost but three dollars, and none but they who have enjoyed such an aid, can estimate its value in the student's library. This will be the most suitable work extant of its kind for family use.

Both of the above works are on sale by Wright and Swormstedt.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE, CHARACTER, AND MINISTRY OF THE REV. WILLIAM DAWSON. By James Everett. Philadelphia: Sorin & Ball.—We love British Wesleyan biography. We humbly thank a gracious God, who has raised up such men as the Wesleys, Fletcher, Bramwell, and many others; and such women as Mrs. Fletcher, Mrs. Maxwell, Mrs. Rodgers, and Mrs. Tatham, and provided, in his wisdom, that their experience and deeds should be chronicled for posterity. How many will bless God in heaven for the sight of Bramwell, Carvosso, and Mrs. Rodger's memoirs. And here is another sketch of the dealings of God, both in his providence and grace, with one who was not born a Methodist, but gradually, and by Divine leadings, came to embrace and gratefully enjoy its privileges. William Dawson was an eminent Wesleyan preacher, born in 1773. He labored long, and with great efficiency, and followed in the train of Wesley, Clarke, and Watson to the temple above. From a partial examination of the book, we anticipate great pleasure and profit in its perusal. The character of Mr. Dawson is thus summarily presented in the closing paragraph of the work:

"We can scarcely fail to perceive, in the late Mr. William Dawson, the *Man*, the *Christian*, and the *Minister*; the man, who was an honor to human nature—the Christian, who was an ornament to the Church—and the minister, who, in Methodism,

whether ancient or modern, stood more apart from his brethren than almost any other preacher for the peculiarity of his genius, and the bold, original, and successful character of his ministry—approaching the nearest of any man to the definition given by the poor countryman of the celebrated George Whitefield as a preacher, who, in reply to the interrogatory of his master on the subject, returned, 'Preach, sir! he preached like a lion;' a metaphor full of life, full of fire, full of power, full of majesty. But if Mr. Dawson preached like a lion, he lived like a lamb; and has in this furnished posterity with another example of a 'perfect man,' as far as perfection can be attached to the human character, in connection with its own peculiarities—the lion coming out of the lamb, and the lamb coming out of the lion—bold, yet harmless, innocent, inoffensive; nay, more, a blessing to his species—thus terminating one of the most brilliant and extraordinary careers in the history of the lay ministry of Methodism, at the close of its first triumphant *centenary*."

FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT of the Directors and Superintendent of the Ohio Lunatic Asylum, to the Forty-first General Assembly of Ohio.—From this document, we learn, that the whole number of patients admitted is 408; namely, males, 216; females, 192; poor patients, 309; paying patients, 99; single, 200; married, 169; widows, 28; widowers, 11.

There were 266 discharged, of whom 165 recovered, 11 improved, 41 were incurable, 2 were idiotic, and 47 died. Per cent. of recoveries on all the cases discharged, 62.03; per cent. on old cases, 34.95; per cent. on recent cases, 85.31. Average number in the Asylum for the present year, 145; per cent. of deaths the present year, 7.58. Number discharged the present year, 65. Recovered 41, incurable 13, died 11. Number in the Asylum at the end of the present year, 142.

The Report shows that the Asylum is not sufficiently spacious, and scores are refused admission for want of accommodations. Insane females often lie in jail greatly to their injury on this account. It seems that early attention to the insane patient is of very great importance, and that delay tends greatly to render the disease incorrigible. The following table illustrates the great importance of early treatment:

Table showing the comparative curability of all the cases since the commencement of this Asylum, at their different periods of insanity.

	Cured or curable.	Total of each sex.	Total of cases.
Less than one year in duration—			
Males	78	21	99
Females	58	14	72
From one to two years—			
Males	13	17	30
Females	11	28	39
From two to five years—			
Males	6	40	46
Females	6	33	39
From five to ten years—			
Males	1	21	22
Females	3	19	22
From ten to fifteen—			
Males	1	12	13
Females	1	8	9
From fifteen to twenty—			
Males	1	4	5
Females	0	4	4
From twenty to twenty-five—			
Males	0	4	4
Females	0	2	2
From twenty-five to thirty—			
Males	0	2	2
Females	0	0	0
Totals of cases for 1839, '40, '41, '42.			408

The friends of insane persons should not decline the necessary trouble to secure to their afflicted relatives a place in this Institution. There is no visitation of Providence, unless it be strictly and openly punitive, so severe as the loss of reason. The death of the pious is not so much to be deprecated. Then we part with our friends by a common law of our being, and as an expected event; and if prepared for eternal felicity, we cannot mourn on their account. We bury them in the grave,

weep for our loss, and except as affectionate memory recalls their virtues and embalms their graces in our hearts, a gentle oblivion gradually gathers over them, not to conceal them from our gaze, but to soften our sorrows, and moderate our grief at their departure. But how dreadful, without mitigation, it is to look upon the ruins of mind, in the person of a near relative or friend. And if those ruins may be restored, shall we neglect the hopeful means of restoring them to their pristine order and beauty?

A VINDICATION OF DIVINE BENEVOLENCE IN THE DOCTRINE OF THE ATONEMENT: a Sermon by Rev. John T. Brooke, Rector of Christ Church, Cincinnati.—This excellent discourse notices how the atonement is affected by objections to the deity of Christ, and by claiming that repentance is a sufficient legal ground of pardon. It exposes the prevailing false views of the doctrine of atonement. The arguments in vindication of God's benevolence by the atonement are presented under the following heads, 1st. The moral law is itself benevolent. 2d. The penalty which sanctions it is also benevolent. 3d. The atonement, as a substitute for penalty, is the highest manifestation of divine benevolence. The following paragraph touches a point of deep and popular interest:

"It is asked, if believers be released debtors, whose debts have been fully paid by Christ, where was the grace of God in pardoning them? We answer, that although sin is sometimes called in Scripture a debt, it is not literally such, but a penal offense: and the grace of pardon consists in treating the sinner better than from his personal character he has any right to expect. Nor does the atonement any more affect the grace of pardon, than repentance would, if mere repentance were the sole consideration in granting it. For in that case repentance would cover the very ground which the atonement now does, viz., it would make it consistent for God to pardon sin. This is just what the atonement does, and if the one would not destroy the grace of pardon, the other does not."

THIRTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT of the Condition of the Common Schools to the City Council of Cincinnati, rendered June 30, 1842, by the Board of Trustees and Visitors.—The Common Schools of Cincinnati promise to become model institutions of the kind. In them a foundation is laid for a most efficient system of public instruction. It is scarcely ten years since the Common Schools became an object of much hope or interest to the community, yet they are now the chief pride of our city.

The Report in our hands, like preceding papers of the sort, presents a gratifying account of the progress of the schools towards perfection.

The revenue is improved. The last year's Legislature has, by its action on this point, saved these institutions in the city much embarrassment. The public examinations were conducted in a manner which tended greatly to the advantage of the pupils, and the gratification of the spectators. There are seventy teachers employed, of whose qualifications and success the Board speak with warm commendation. The enrollments during the year were nearly 7000, and about 3000 were in daily attendance. The following extract will show that these state institutions are exciting an all-pervading influence on the minds of our children:

"From the comparative small number (3033) who are in actual daily attendance, it might be inadvertently inferred that a large number of our children escape entirely the influence of the schools. Such, however, is not the fact. By reference to the official census of the city of Cincinnati, reported on the 1st of June, 1840, it will be seen that the whole number of children in Cincinnati, between the ages of 5 and 15, were 8000. This is the same length of time as the school age, and commences and ends but one year different. It may, therefore, be taken as comprehending about the same number as that of those within the school age. The increase in the two years since, has been about 12 per cent., so that the number within these limits may be set down as 9000. The total enrollment is about 7000. A large number of the remaining 2000 are in private schools, so that in point of fact, there are but a few hundred of the proper age who have not

been enrolled in the past year. When, therefore, we consider that the school age comprehends ten years, and that one-third of that time, at the usual rate of progress, is sufficient to acquire a moderate instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic; we may safely conclude, that, dating from the past year, almost the entire mass of our children will eventually participate in the benefits of the public schools."

The only adverse circumstance which we observe in connection with this enterprise, is the resignation of the President of the Board, Elam P. Langdon, Esq., whose services have been of incalculable value. But a most judicious selection has been made to supply the vacancy.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

LAMENTABLE.—A new work has lately been issued from the Kentucky press. We have seen only the title, which, taken from an exchange paper, reads as follows:

"The New Test of Christian Character Tested, or the Bible Doctrine of Temperance: being a calm appeal to the sober and candid judgment of enlightened and upright men, in an humble plea for truth and reason, and an honest effort to prove that the doctrine of the universal moral obligation of 'total abstinence' derives no countenance from the word of God, and is not permanently or truly promotive of the 'cause of temperance'—but basing its efforts on false principles, is really an enemy to the cause. By W. L. Breckenridge, Frankfort, Ky.: A. G. Hodges, State Printer, 1842. pp. 44."

Mr. Breckenridge has done good in the world, but it is questionable if, on the whole, his generation will not have reason to mourn that he ever came into being. This may be harsh, but we cannot speak more reverently in regard to his recent labors in the cause of anti-temperance. The idea that total abstinence is founded on *false* principles, because it is not expressly enjoined in holy writ, is a *non sequitur* which we did not expect from Mr. Breckenridge. We trust the book will fall still-born from the press.

CALVINISM AND UNITARIANISM.—These two schools of error, the former relieved by many mixings of truth, and the latter purely and profanely anti-christian, seem to be fast waning in New England. The Methodist Episcopal Church, with her Gospel Arminianism, and the fires of the Holy Spirit glowing on her altars, is making sure progress against both. Probably the result will be a general conviction that Methodism bears a commission from God to spread Scriptural holiness throughout the world; and other branches of the Church will still incline towards her creed and customs, till, in the use of both, they shall begin to gather and not scatter abroad. These remarks are suggested by the following language from the Unitarian press:

"What then do we need? Shall we renew our old controversy with the doctrines of the Trinity, Total Depravity, Atonement, and so forth? Not so. This would not be going forward, but backward. Our own people are heartily tired of these discussions, and wish for something more living. And even among the orthodox, in New England at least, the old forms of doctrine are crumbling away so rapidly that they do not need our aid to demolish them. We can safely leave it to Professor Stuart, Mr. Abbott, Professor Taylor and others, to give the finishing blow to the old forms of Calvinism."

A SHORTER WAY.—Dr. Bond is publishing a series of articles in the Christian Advocate and Journal on *holiness*, in the form of a relation of Christian experience. They exceed in practical interest almost any thing we have read on that subject. They seem to be written by a female who is deeply experienced in the things of God. They are well worthy of republication in tract or volume form. We hope they will be thus preserved. If they are not, we may hereafter present them to our readers in the Repository. It is unusual to introduce into a monthly, matter borrowed from a weekly sheet, but we are not willing that our readers, who do not receive the Christian Advocate and Journal, should be deprived of the benefit of prayerfully reading and studying these productions.

THE WORK OF GOD.—The state of the Churches in this region can scarcely be conceived. Never before, since the Miami valley was settled, has there been such a general and overwhelming outpouring of the Spirit. It is a refining fire in the Church itself. Old professors long settled down in spiritual slumber are all alive. The regenerate are pressing into perfect liberty. This is no common revival. It is altogether extraordinary, and is intended, by the gracious Head of the Church, to prepare his children for the interesting scenes which await his Zion.

SABBATH-BREAKING.—One of the most discouraging signs of the times, connected with religion and its prospects, is the desecration of the Sabbath. The Churches are partakers of this sin. And this in several ways. A few of its members sometimes visit, ride out or travel on the Sabbath. Pious mechanics, merchants, and farmers, are not willing to exert their whole influence to restrain those whom they employ, and impose on them sobriety on that holy day. Parents are not sufficiently watchful of the manners of their children; do not converse with them and warn them—do not appoint them lessons in the Scriptures—do not impress on their minds a sense of the sacredness of this holy day.

Sabbath school teachers have a work to do in connection with this subject. To *teach* children is not enough. They must be reprov'd and restrained. They must be watched in their passage from the school-room to the sanctuary, and in their seats during religious service.

The times are perilous, and omens of events of tremendous import just at hand, multiply daily. Sin is becoming more bold and flagitious. It cares no longer for concealment, but reveals itself in every form of which it was heretofore ashamed. Religion is still bashful, but her foe is become bold and impudent. Men used to travel and hunt and labor on the Sabbath with some symptoms of embarrassment. It is not so now. The Lord help his people to be up and doing.

THE PUSEYITES.—It is possible that these sons of the "Succession" will accomplish some of their objects at an earlier date than they had hoped. They, doubtless, aim at the *engrossment* into the English episcopacy of the Romish principles and forms, which seem to them so salutary to Christianity, and the Church. If the following information be correct, this may be soon compassed. It is from a London correspondent of the Dundee Warder. The writer says: "I am enabled to make the first public announcement of a fact which will create a deep sensation throughout the Christian world. What I refer to is the fact that a very large body of the evangelical clergy in the Church of England have now resolved on a secession from that Church. Their intention is not to fraternize with the Dissenters, nor to call themselves Dissenters at all, but to retain the designation of Episcopalians, and to call themselves, in their united capacity, by some such name as 'Reformed Church of England.'"

Should these ecclesiastics secede, the civil obstructions in the way of a Roman Catholic English Church, will probably soon be removed. We cannot think such an issue impossible, if we recur to the history of past ages. True, it has been said that mankind are too enlightened, especially in England, to tolerate the existence of Romanism as a prevailing religion. But perhaps the world needs some more lessons on the insufficiency of knowledge to purify and keep the heart, and render wise unto salvation. We may look with any degree of interest on the unfolding scenes of English and European revolution. Events will probably exceed, in magnitude, the hopes and fears of the most sanguinary.

VICTORIA AN EXAMPLE.—The Queen rises at half past six, and takes breakfast at eight. This, among Americans, would be late in the country, but is quite early in the city. Some of our readers may have risen and breakfasted late, to avoid *vulgarity*. Now they may venture to be up an hour earlier. Royal examples will save them from reproach.

Early rising is a saving of time and health. It is important for devotion. An hour given to prayer and the reading of the Scriptures before breakfast, would rescue many from fearful backslidings, and not a few from fatal apostasy. We can

hardly conceive how a faithful Christian preserves a good conscience in lying abed late. True, some plead their ill health. But this is no excuse. It is an aggravation of the offense. Perseverance in early rising for ten or twelve months would probably restore their health. Let these persons be reduced to poverty, and thus be compelled to early rising and hard labor, and the glow of health would soon supplant the pale, sickly hue which overspreads their features.

Mrs. A. rises at five o'clock. She spends half an hour on her knees, and enjoys blissful communion with her Savior. With a penitent and believing heart she searches the Scriptures another half hour, and feeds upon the milk of the word. By this time her children awake, and the care of them takes up her attention. Her waiting at the altar has prepared her heart for all the duties of the day. She meets her family with a smile of holy love, and no temptations or trials of patience can move her. The law of love is in her heart, and the law of kindness upon her tongue. Aided by the heavenly wisdom which she sought in prayer, she "guides her house with discretion." Her children observe her example of devotion, are won by the meekness of her carriage, and become the worshipers of her God. They rise up and call her blessed. She dies, and her memory is cherished by her pious household, and her virtues are embalmed in their hearts. This is not fancy, but *biography*; and it is a praise worthy example.

SCIENCE HILL FEMALE ACADEMY, SHELBYVILLE, KY.—This Institution is in a prosperous state, and is one of the most inviting seats of learning for young ladies in Kentucky. Rev. Mr. Ralston, an excellent judge, says, "This Institution is too well known to make commendation necessary; but it may be added that it still sustains its reputation as one of the first literary institutions in the west. The number of pupils during the last year averaged ninety; which, with the extraordinary interest manifested by the crowds that always attend the examinations or exhibitions of this school, sufficiently proves the estimation placed upon it by an enlightened community. During the past year I have frequently been present at the recitations of the classes; and recently I had the pleasure of witnessing some of the public exhibitions, which were in the highest degree commendatory, not only of the talents and assiduity of the young ladies, but of the superior qualifications of the superintendents. The primary object of the Principals of this Institution is, so to direct the education of the young ladies placed under their care, as to prepare them to fill, with dignity, the situation they may occupy in society. Thus a continued effort is made to combine in the system of education pursued, religious and moral, as well as intellectual training, and a proper attention to physical health. The local situation of the school is decidedly advantageous to the health and general improvement. The influence of the school in favor of religion is truly great. With few exceptions, the young ladies placed here, not only leave the Institution accomplished scholars, but decided Christians."

The thirty-seventh session commenced on the 12th of February.

Terms.—Preparatory Department, per session of five months, \$12; Junior Class, \$15; Academical Department, \$20; Music, with the use of Piano, \$25; Drawing and Painting, \$12; French, Latin, or Greek, \$12; Board and Washing, per session, \$50; Extra, for lights and fuel, winter session, \$2; Needle-work, of various kinds, no extra charge.

A good Laboratory of Chemical and Philosophical Apparatus is attached to the Institution; and great pains have been taken to provide means for illustrating in the most pleasing manner, the various subjects of Chemistry, Botany, Philosophy, Natural Philosophy, &c.

Teachers.—Mrs. John Tevis, Principal, and Teacher of French; Mrs. H. H. Martin, Teacher of Drawing and Painting; Mr. H. H. Martin, Teacher of Mathematics, Greek, and Latin; Mr. A. W. Cook, Teacher of Music; assistant teachers in proportion to the number of pupils.

The Principal of this Institution is in the highest degree worthy of the confidence of parents; nor do we wonder that with such a head and assistants, it has acquired the reputation which it now enjoys.